



Diable Boiteux:

DEVIL

TWO STICKS.

In TWO VOLUMES.

Translated from the Last Paris
Edition, very much Enlarg'd.

Adorn'd with CUTTS.

VOLUME the FIRST.

The SIXTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Tonson in the Strand.

MDCCXXIX.



THE

BUNDANOW

CONTENTS.

Chap, I,

W Hat fort of a Devil, the Devil upon Two Sticks was; and where and how Don Cleofas Perez Zambullo became acquainted with him. Page I

Chap. II.

In which the Story of Asmodeo's Deliverance is continued.

Chap. III.

Whither the Devil carry'd Don Cleofas, and what he first shew'd him.

Char.

2I

Chaps

CONTENTS

Chap. IV.

The History of the Amours of the Count de Belstor, and of Leonora de Cespides.

Chap. V.

The Continuation and Conclusion of the History of the Count and Leonora.

Chap. VI.

Other Particulars which the Scholar saw, and the Manner of his being revenged on Donna Thomasa. 139

Chap. VII.

Of the Prisoners.

940

152

Chap. VIII.

Asmodeo shews Don Cleofas several Persons, and discovers to him what they have been doing that Day. 190

Chap. IX.

Of the confined Mad People. 219 Chap.

CONTENTS.

Chap, X.

The Matter of which is inexhaustible.

Chap. XI.

Of the Fire, and what Asmodeo did on that occasion out of Friendship to Don Cleofas. 289



THE

G. O. V. R. N. P. S. A vine and a constant of the c



THE

DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS.

CHAP. I.

What fort of a Devil, the Devil upon Two Sticks was; and where and how Don Cleofas Perez Zambullo became acquainted with him.



NE Night in October, when thick Darkness had overspread the famous City of Madrid, and the weary Inhabitants being re-

vol. I. B lest

his Heels, threatning to kill or force him to marry a Lady, with whom they had just before surprized him.

Tho' alone, he yet bravely defended himself for some time against

deavour'd to preserve his Life and Honour, by flying from three or four Bullies, who follow'd close at

fended himself for some time against so much Odds, and had still maintain'd his Ground, if they had not wrested his Sword from him in the Fight: They follow'd him for some time

d

r

it

r

d

e-

n-

ot he

ne

time along the Gutters; but, favour'd by the Night, hearlength got clear of 'em, and stealing along from one * House-top to another, he made towards a Light which he perceiv'd a great distance off, and which, feeble as it was, yet serv'd him for a Lanthorn in that dangerous Conjuncture. After more than once running the Risque of breaking his Neck, he reach'd the Garret whence its Rays proceeded, and enter'd it by a Window, as much transported with Joy as a Pilot is when he finds himself and his Ship safe in the Harbour, after a narrow Escape at Sca, and the Terrors of a Tempest.

He immediately look'd around him, and much wonder'd he should meet with no Body in an Apartment, which seem'd so very odd and surprising. He examin'd it with great Attention, and saw a Copper Lamp hanging from the Ceiling, Books and Papers in Consusion on the Ta-

B 2 ble,

^{*} The Tops of the Houses in Spain are flat.

ble, Spheres and Compasses on the one fide, Phials and Quadrants on the other; all which made him conclude, that under this Roof liv'd an Astrologer, who usually retir'd hither to make his Observations. He reflected on the Dangers he had by good Fortune escap'd, and was confidering what Course was the most proper for him to take, when he was interrupted by a deep Sigh that broke forth very near him. He at first took it for a Nocturnal Illusion. or imaginary Fantome, proceeding from the Disturbance he was in, and without Interruption continu'd his Reflections.

But being interrupted a second time in the same manner, he then took it for something real, and tho' he saw no Soul in the Room, could not help crying out, What Devil is it that sighs here? 'Tis me, Signior Scholar, answer'd a Voice, which had somewhat very extraordinary in it; I have been six Months enclos'd n one of these Glass Phials. In this House

House lives a skilful Astrologer and Magician, who by the Power of his Art has confin'd me to this close Prison. You are then a Spirit, said Cleofas somewhat confus'd at this uncommon Adventure. I am a Damon, reply'd the Voice, and you are come very opportunely to free me from a Slavery where I languish in Idleness; tho' I am the most active and

indefatigable Devil in Hell.

d

n

2

d

is

or

ch

in

s'd

his

use

Cleofas was somewhat affrighted at these Words; but being naturally Couragious, he recollected himself, and in a resolute Tone thus address'd himself to the Spirit. Signior Demon, pray inform me by what Character you are distinguish'd amongst your Brethren; Are you a Devil of Quality, or an ordinary one? I am, reply'd the Voice, a very confiderable Devil; and am more esteem'd in this and the other World than any other. Perhaps, reply'd Cleofas, you may be the Demon which we call Lucifer? No, reply'd the Spirit, he is the Mountebank's Devil. Are

B 3

you

you then Uriel? return'd the Scholar. Fie! (hastily interrupted the Voice,) he is the Patron of Traders, Taylors, Butchers, Bakers, and other third-rate Thieves.

It may be you are Belzebub, said Leandro. You deceive your self, answer'd the Spirit, he is the Dæmon of Governantes, and Gentlemen-Ushers, or Waiting-men. This surprizes me, said the Scholar; I took Belzebub for one of the Greatest of your Number. He is one of the least, reply'd the Dæmon; you have no true Notion of our Hell.

You must then, reply'd Don Cleofas, be either Leviathan, Belphegor, or Ashtaroth. Oh! as for those three, said the Voice, they are Devils of the first Rank; they are the Court Spirits: They enter into the Councils of Princes, animate their Ministers, form Leagues, stir up Insurrections in States, and light the Torches of War. These are not such Boobies as the first you mention'd to me. Ah! tell me, I intreat you, said

3

0

7-

7,

e,

of

rt

n-

i-

11-

he

ch

n'd

aid

faid the Scholar, what Post has Flagel? He is the Soul of the Law, and the Life of the Bar, reply'd the Devil: It is he which makes out the Attornies and Bailiss's Writs; he inspires the Pleaders, possessent the Council, and attends the Judges.

But my Business lyes another Way: I make ridiculous Matches, and marry old Grey-Beards to raw Girls under Age, Masters to their Maids, Virgins of low Fortunes to Lovers which have none. 'Tis I that have introduc'd into the World Luxury, Debauchery, Games of Chance, and Chymistry. I am the Inventor of Carousels, Dancing, Musick, Plays, and all the new French Fashions. In a Word, I am the celebrated Asmodeo, surnam'd the Devil upon Two Sticks.

Ah! cry'd Don Cleofas, you are then the famous Asmedeo, so gloriously celebrated by Agrippa and the Clavicula Salomonis? Really you have not told me all your Amusements; you have forgotten the best of them.

B 4

I know that you sometimes divert your felf with affwaging the Pains of unfortunate Lovers; by the same Token, it was by your Assistance that a young Gentleman, a Friend of mine, crept into the good Graces of a Doctor of the University of Alcala's Lady. 'Tis true, said the Spirit; I reserv'd that 'till the last : I am the Damon of Luxury, or to express it genteeler, the God Cupid; for the Poets have bestow'd that fine Name on me, and indeed painted me in very advantageous Colours; they describe with gilded Wings, a Fillet bound over my Eyes, a Bow in my Hand, a Quiver of Arrows on my Shoulders, and a charming beautiful Face. What fort of Face it is you shall immediately see, if you please to set me at Liberty.

Signior Asmodeo, reply'd Don Cleofas, you know that I have long been your sincere Devotee; of the Truth of which the Dangers I just now run are sufficient Evidences. I should be very ambitious of an Opportu-

nity

nity of serving you; but the Vessel in which you are hidden is undoubtedly enchanted, and all my Endeavours to unftop or break it will be vain; wherefore I can't very well tell which way to deliver you out of Prison: I am not much us'd to these fort of Deliverances, and betwixt you and I, if such a subtle Devil as you are cannot make your Way out, how can a wretched Mortal like me effect it? 'Tis in your Power to do ir, answer'd the Damon; the Phial in which I am enclos'd is barely a plain-Glass Bottle, which is very eafy to break; you need only throw it on the Ground, and I shall immediately appear in human Shape. If fo, faid the Scholar, 'tis easier than I' imagin'd; tell me then in which Phial you are, for I fee fo many like one another, that I cannot distinguish them. It is the fourth from the Window, reply'd the Spirit; tho' the Cork be feal'd with a Magical Seal, yet the Bottle will eafily break.

BS

u

n

h

W

d

ty

Tis

I know that you sometimes divert your felf with affwaging the Pains of unfortunate Lovers; by the same Token, it was by your Assistance that a young Gentleman, a Friend of mine, crept into the good Graces of a Doctor of the University of Alcala's Lady. 'Tis true, said the Spirit; I reserv'd that 'till the last: I am the Damon of Luxury, or to express it genteeler, the God Cupid; for the Poets have bestow'd that fine Name on me, and indeed painted me in very advantageous Colours; they describe me with gilded Wings, a Fillet bound over my Eyes, a Bow in my Hand, a Quiver of Arrows on my Shoulders, and a charming beauti-ful Face. What fort of Face it is you shall immediately see, if you please to set me at Liberty.

Signior Asmodeo, reply'd Don Cleofas, you know that I have long been your sincere Devotee; of the Truth of which the Dangers I just now run are sufficient Evidences. I should be very ambitious of an Opportu-

nity

nity of serving you; but the Vessel in which you are hidden is undoubtedly enchanted, and all my Endeavours to unftop or break it will be vain; wherefore I can't very well tell which way to deliver you out of Prison: I am not much us'd to these fort of Deliverances, and betwixt you and I, if fuch a fubtle Devil as you are cannot make your Way out, how can a wretched Mortal like me effect it? 'Tis in your Power to do ir, answer'd the Damon; the Phial in which I am enclos'd is barely a plain-Glass Bottle, which is very eafy to break; you need only throw it on the Ground, and I shall immediately appear in human Shape. If fo, faid the Scholar, 'tis easier than I imagin'd; tell me then in which Phial you are, for I see so many like one another, that I cannot distinguish them. It is the fourth from the Window, reply'd the Spirit; tho' the Cork be feal'd with a Magical Seal, yet the Bottle will easily break.

BS

u

n

h

W

d

ty

Tis.

'Tis enough, Signior Asmodeo, return'd Don Cleofas; there is now only one small Difficulty which deters me: When I have done you this Service, won't you make me pay for the broken Pots? No Accident shall befall you, answer'd the Damon; but on the contrary you will be pleas'd with my Acquaintance. I will learn you whatever you are defirous to know, inform you of all things which happen in the World, and discover to you all the Faults of Mankind, I will be your Tutelar Damon, you shall find me much more Intelligent than that of Socrates, and I will make you far surpass that Philosopher in Wisdom. In a Word, I will bestow my self on you, with my good and ill Qualities; the latter of which shall not be less advantageous to you than the former.

These are fine Promises, reply'd the Scholar, but you Gentlemen Devils are accus'd of not being very religious Observers of what you promise

verted

mise to Men. It is a groundless Charge, reply'd Asmodeo: Some of my Brethren indeed make no Scruple of breaking their Word, but I (not to mention the Service you are going to do me, which I can never sufficiently repay) am a Slave to mine; and I swear, by all that renders our Oaths inviolable, that I won't deceive you. Depend upon my Assurances. I promise you withal, that you shall revenge your self on Donna Thomasa, that persidious Lady, who hid four Russians to surprize and force you to marry her; a Circumstance that should please you.

Young Zambullo, charm'd above all with this last Promise, to hasten its Accomplishment, immediately took the Phial, and without concerning himself what might be the Event of it, he threw it hard against the Ground. It broke into a thousand Pieces, and overflow'd the Floor with a blackish Liquor, which by little and little evaporated, and con-

verted itself into a thick Smoak; which diffipating all at once, the amaz'd Scholar beheld the Figure of a Man in a Cloak, about two Foot and a half high, refting on two Crutches. This diminutive lame Monster had Goats Legs, a long Vifage, sharp Chin, a yellow and black Complexion, and a very flat Nose; his Eyes, which feem'd very little, resembled two lighted Coals; his Mouth was extreamly wide, above which were two wretched red Whiskers, edg'd with a Pair of unparallel'd Lips.

This charming Cupid's Head was wrapt up in a fort of Turban of red Crape, set off with a Plume of Cocks and Peacocks Feathers. About his Neck he wore a yellow Linnen Collar, on which were drawn several Models of Necklaces and Ear-rings. He was dress'd in a short white Sattin Coat, and girt about with a Girdle of Virgin Parchment, mark'd with Talismanical Characters. On this Coat were painted several Pair of Women's

Stays.

Stays very advantageously fitted for the Discovery of their Breasts & Scarves, party-colour'd Aprons, new fashion'd Head-dresses of various Sorts, each more extravagant than the other.

But all these were nothing compar'd with his Cleak, the Ground of which was also of white Sattin. On it, with Indian lnk, were drawn an infinite Number of Figures, with fo much Freedom, and fuch mafterly Strokes, that it was natural enough to think the Devil had a hand in it. On one Side appear'd a Spanish Lady cover'd with her Veil, teazing a Stranger as they were walking; and on the other a French one practifing new Airs in her Glass, in order to try them at a young patch'd and painted Abbot, who appear'd at her Chamber Door. Here a parcel of Italian Cavaliers were finging and playing on the Guitar under their Mistresses Balconies; and there a Company of Germans all in Confusion and unbutton'd, more intoxicated with Wine and

and begrim'd with Snuff than your conceited French Fops, surrounding a Table overflow'd with the filthy Remains of their Debauch. In one place was a great Mahometan Lord coming out of the Bath, and encompass'd by all the Women of his Seraglio, officiously crowding to tender him their Service. In another, an English Gentleman very gallantly presenting a Pipe and a Pot of Beer to his Mittress.

There the Gamesters were also wonderfully well represented; some of them, animated by a sprightly Joy, heaping up Pieces of Gold and Silver in their Hats; and others, broken and reduced to play upon Honour, casting up their Sacrilegious Eyes to Heaven, and gnawing their Cards with Despair. To conclude, there were as many curious Things to be feen on it, as on the admirable Buckler of the Son of Per leus, which exhausted all Vulcan's Art; with this difference betwixt the Performance of the two Cripples, that

that the Figures on the Buckler had no relation to the Exploits of Achilles, but on the contrary those on the Cloak were so many lively Images of whatever was done in the World by the Suggestion of Asmodeo.



CHAP. II.

In which the Story of Asmodeo's Deliverance is continued.

THE Damon observing that the Sight of him did not very agreeably preposses the Scholar in his Favour, smiling said, Well, Signior Don Cleosas Leandro Perez Zambullo, you see the charming God of Love, the Sovereign Ruler of Hearts. What do you think of my Beauty and Air? Don't you take the Poets for excellent Painters? Why really, answer'd Cleosas, they do statter a little. You did not, I suppose, appear in this Shape to Psyche? Doubtless

less no, reply'd Asmedeo; I borrow'd the Appearance of a little French Marquis, to make her doat on mer. Vice must always be cover'd with a fair Appearance, without which it will never please. I assume whatever Shape I will, and could have shew'd my self to you cloath'd with a finer imaginary Body; but designing, without any Disguise, to lay my self open to you, I was willing that you should see me in a Shape best suited to the Opinion which the World entertains of me and my Functions.

I am not surpriz'd, said the Scholar, that you are somewhat Ugly; pardon, if you please, the Harshness of the Term, the Conversation which we have had together may admit of some Freedom. Your Features are very well proportion'd to the Idea I have of you; but pray tell me how you came to be a Cripple.

My Lameness, answer'd the Devil, is owing to a Quarrel I formerly had in France with Pillardoc the Devil

of Interest, about one Manceau, 2 Man of Business, and one of the Farmers of the Revenues; he being very rich, we as warmly contested who shou'd have the Possession of him, and fought it out in the middle Region of the Air, from whence Pillardoc (being the stronger of the as the Poets tell ye Jupiter did Vulsan; and so from the Resemblance of our Adventures, my Comrades call'd me the Lame Devil, or the Devil upon Two Sticks; and that Nick-Name, which they gave me in Raillery, has stuck by me ever since: But tho' a Cripple, I can yet go pretty nimbly; you shall be a Witness of my Agility.

But, adds he, let us end this Difcourse, and make haste out of the Garret. It will not be long before the Magician comes up to labour at the Immortality of a beautiful Sylph which nightly visits him; and if he should surprize us, he would not fail to commit me to the Bottle from

whence

whence I came, and confine you to the same. Let's therefore, in the first place, throw away all the Pieces of the broken Phial, that the Enchanter may not discover my En-

largement.

If he should find it after our Departure, said Cleofas, what would then be the Event? What would be the Event! answer'd the Demon. I find you have not read the Treatife concerning Compulsions. Alas! were I conceal'd at the farthest Part of the Earth, or hidden in the Region where the fiery Salamanders dwell; should I descend to the Shades below, or the Bottom of the deepest Sea, I should not be secur'd from his Resentment. His Conjurations are so powerful, that all Hell trembles at them. In short, I cannot refift his arbitrary Commands, but shall be forced, much against my Will, to appear before him, and fubmit to what ever Pains he pleases to inflict on me'

If so, reply'd the Scholar, I very much fear that our Friendship will

be of no long Duration; this dreadful Necromancer will foon perceive our Flight. I don't know that, reply'd the Spirit, for we can't tell what may happen. What, faid Leandro Perez, are you not acquainted with Futurity? No indeed, reply'd the Devil, we know nothing of that Matter; but those who depend upon our Assistance, are fine Bubbles; and indeed to this Opinion are to be ascrib'd all the Fooleries which are impos'd on Women of Quality by Fortune-tellers of both Sexes, when they consult them on future Events. We only know the Past and the Prefent. I don't know therefore whether the Magician will soon discover my Absence, but hope not, for here being several Phials very like that in which I was enclos'd, he may perhaps not miss a single one. I am much in the same Condition in his Laboratory, as a Law-Book is in the Library of a Man of Business; he never thinks of me, and when he doth, he never doth me the Honour of

of conversing with me. He is the most insolent Enchanter that I know for during the whole Time that I was his Prisoner, he did not once

vouchsafe to speak to me.

What fort of Fellow is this? reply'd Don Cleofas; or what have you done to draw down his Hatred upon you? I cross'd one of his Designs, reply'd Asmodeo: There was a Place in an Academy void, which he propos'd to obtain for a Friend of his, but I was resolv'd it should be given to another. The Magician prepar'd a Talisman, compos'd of the most powerful Characters of the Cabala; but I placed my Man in the Service of a great Minister, and his Name accordingly carry'd it from the Talisman.

At these Words, the Demon gather'd up all the Pieces of the broken Phial, and after having thrown them out of the Window, Come then, said he to the Scholar, let us make the best of our way; take hold of the End of my Cloak, and sear

Chap. III. upon Two Sticks.

thing. However dangerous the Offer appear'd to Don Cleofas, he yet chose rather to accept it, than expose himself to the Resentment of the Magician; wherefore he took as good hold as he could of the Devil, who carry'd him out of the Window.



CHAP. IH.

Whither the Devil carry'd Don Cleofas, and what he first shew'd him.

Cxpote - ofores

A Smodeo was not in the wrong when he boasted his Agility; he eleft the Air with as much Rapidity as an Arrow from a Bow, and pearch'd on St. Saviour's Steeple. When gotten on his Feet, he said to Don Cleofas, Well, Signior Leandro, when Men are in a very uncassie, hobling Coach, and cry out, This is a Coach for the Devil! do you now think they do us Justice? I think nothing

The DEVIL Chap. III.

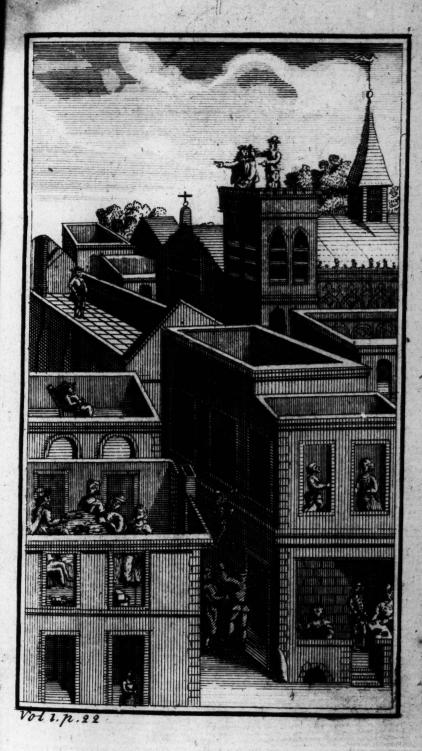
nothing can be more unreasonable, answer'd Don Cleofas politely, and am ready to affirm upon Experience, that the Devil's is not only easier than a Chair, but also so expeditious, that no body can be tir'd on the Road.

on the Road.

Very well, reply'd the Damon; but you don't know why I brought you hither. I intend from this high Place to shew you whatever is at present doing in Madrid. By my Diabolical Power I will heave up the Roofs of the Houses, and notwithstanding the Darkness of the Night, clearly expose to your View whatever is now under them. At these Words he only extended his right Hand, and in an Instant all the Roofs of the Houses seem'd remov'd; and the Scholar faw the Infides of 'em as plainly as if it had been Noon-day; as plainly, fays * Louis Velez de Guevara, as you see into a Pye, whose Top is taken off.

This

^{*} The Author of the Devil on Two Sticks in Spanish.





This View was too furprising not to employ all his Attention; his Eyes run thro' all Parts of the City, and the Variety which furrounded him was sufficient to engage his Curiofity for a long time. Signior Student, said the Damon, this Confusion of Objects which you survey with fo much Pleasure, affords really a very charming Prospect; but in order to furnish you with a perfect Knowledge of Human Life, it is necessary to explain to you what all those People, which you see, are doing. I will disclose to you the Springs of their Actions, and their most secret Thoughts.

Prythee, said the Scholar, since you are so kind a Devil, let me a little look about me from this mighty Precipice, whereon we sit with so much Security. What a very agreeable mixture of Persons and Things do these numberless Candles and Torches, round this great City, present to us? What pretty Arts Men have to extend their Lives, and double

double their Joys, by this Day of their own making? Tis, methinks, an Argument of the Greatness of Human Life, that the Wit of Man is never at rest, but always hurry'd on in fearch of fomething to give it self a Satisfaction, which cannot be drawn from meer natural Occurrences, but must be rais'd from the Embelishments of Arts, the Entertainment of Inventions, and The Devil had not Patience, but immediately interrupted the Harangue Cleofas was going into, and told him; Sir, if you desire our Conversation shall not be merely a Ramble, like the Labour of filly Travellers, who fill their Heads with Admiration, and neglect Knowledge, let me beseech you to wait for my Opinion of what you fee, before you commend it. The spacious Streets taken up with various Business and Hurry, the different Ways you see Equipages, laden Carriages, and Crouds of People moving by Candle-light, make you fall

n

d

e

t

-

n |-

ıt

d

1

1

y

7it

e,

1-

us

nt

en

le

all

fall into Applauses of the Industry of Man, when at the same time I must tell you, there is not one Person in all that Croud who had not better be fast asseep, than employ'd as you see him, if you knew what he was going about, and is the Motive of his Actions.

Damon, reply'd the Scholar, you and I are so new Acquaintance, and the Profession you are of has so ill a Reputation for Sincerity, that I am at a Loss, both as to what kind of things you really think laudable, and as to your Veracity in speaking your real Sentiments of what you applaud. Scholar, faid the Demon, we shall speak of Things and Persons, as they stand in the Order of Nature. A Man is to be commended when he doth what, as Man, he ought to do; and a Thing is valuable so far as it is serviceable to some good End or other. By this plain way of thinking, Objects keep their Place in the Opinion, whether the Observer be a Devil, a Saint, a Philosopher or a VOL.I.

Peasant. Before this Light it is, that grave Politicians of twenty, airy Girls of fifty, languishing Lovers of sixty, and all Persons who affect Characters unseasonable to their Age, I say, before this Light it is, that all Varnish disappears, and Youth is then only Graceful when it becomes its Pleasures, and Age when it consults its Ease.

The Scholar was still entertaining his Eyes in the gross, with the Variety of Objects before him, and enjoying the Pleasure of looking into the Houses which his Companion had until'd, when an Assembly very regularly dispos'd in one of 'em had fix'd his Attention: He communicated his Satisfaction to his Familiar: who immediately assum'd a new Air and Mein, and told him, with an unusual Chearfulness, that he was glad he lik'd an Edifice in which he had a particular Interest. That Structure, said he, is a Theatre, the Master of which is so near a Relation of mine, that I may call it my own House it

y

rs

£

c,

11

is

es

n-

ng

2-

n-

to

on

ery

nad

ni-

ar;

Air

un-

glad

had

tru-

Ma-

rion

own

ouse

House upon that Foundation, as well as that it is the constant Scene of Love-Adventures, of which I am President. I see, quoth Cleofas, a pretty fmug Gentleman stand behind the Scenes, with a Cane in his Hand, of a wrinkled Countenance, but an amorous briskish Eye: he looks, methinks, as if he had formerly been an old Man, and there is fomething fo particularly resembling your self in the Novelty of his Address, that I presume he is the Kinsman you boast of. Sir, answer'd Asmodeo, your Conjecture is just : that is Signior Divito: You are to understand, continu'd he, the Figure you there observe is a Twin-Brother of mine, and lay with me in the same Cradle, when a certain Emisfary of the Kingdom of Darkness came and survey'd us both; me he observ'd to be the most phlegmatick, and consequently thought I should stand in need of continual Instigation to Evil, therefore he took me off to make a Devil, and left my CZ Bro-

Brother to be bred an Attorney, in which Way we are fure of Mens Services all their Lives, and their Company at the End of 'em. But what has an Attorney to do with the Stage? interrupted Cleofas. Sir, reply'd Asmodeo, an Attorney has hold of any Thing or Person with which he can join his Name in a Parchment; My Brother had these Premisses for ever fix'd to him by an Instrument which Men call a Mortgage, with this peculiar Claufe, That the Land is for ever paying, but is never to discharge itself, which is a Prerogative they of the Faculty have above all other Men; for Lawyers, like Priests, can purchase but not alienate. This my Brother is the newelt Character upon Earth, an hopeful old Man, and I doubt not but before he is feventy he'll make Love with as good an Air as the best of 'em. He has wholly bid fare. well to his dusty Parchments, and uses his Arts as an Attorney but ner ly as the Pitfalls and Trap-doors

I.

in

118

ir

ut

th

r,

as

h

a

fe

an

t-

e,

g,

ch

ty

W-

ut

15

an

ot

ke

he

·e-

nd

ut

ors

on

on his Stage, which serve at once to make his own Escape, and catch his Pursuers. Well, quoth Cleofas, of all Men living, give me the Life of Signior Divito: Such Company to visit him! such a Seraglio to attend him! I may fay it without Vanity, quoth Asmodeo, my Brother has as great an Influence on the Pains and Joys of Lovers as any Being below my felf in the Universe: But such is the Ingratitude of Mankind, that all his Cares are neglected. Did you but see him in his Spechacles examining the tender Hams of a young Dancer, the heaving Bofom of an Actress to be bred to Tragedy; in short, the constant Correspondences the painful Labourer is forced to keep with all the idle Part of Mankind, both Foreign and Domestick, you would own him to be the Machiavel for the State of Love. He can tell you, as foon as any Spirit of us all, how long such a young Virgin will hold out against such an importunate Lover, how foon

foon that Lover will be weary of her, and consequently she fall under his Dominion, to Act and Propagate the Passion which Undid her. I am very glad, my dear Scholar, you fix'd your Eye there, for a Theatre is the truest Picture of Human Life; and the Men who make the greatest Figure in the World are no more what they seem, than that little diminutive Fellow you see taking off his Buskins and his Feather in the Tyring-Room, is the Heroe you faw just now on the Stage. To make it yet more like the World, do you look on yonder Couch, and see how Lucrece and Tarquin agree behind the Scenes. Such is the Force of Distance, and well-manag'd Imposture, that the Pitch and Rosin that Fellow is mixing will appear to the Audience Lightning, and the rolling that Nine-pin Bowl makes him a Thunderer: In a Word, the Stage may represent to you in the most lively Colours the Distinctions and Manners among Men. This only must

be

I.

of

er

a-

er.

r,

e-

an

he

10

t-

g

in

ke

u

W

br

of

-0

at

l-

m

ge

ft

ft

e

be said for the Play-house, that it is much less a Cheat than the World: For the Actor must have the Mein, the Gesture, the Look, the Voice, and the whole Behaviour of the Hero whom he personates; while the Mock-Worthy, which Fortune gives you very often, in every Step he makes is out of his Character, and shows you he either never knew, or has forgot what is really his Part. To give you then Instances of the Imposture, in each Place, turn from the Play-house, and look elsewhere.

Where shall we begin? Let us observe first of all in the House on the right hand, that old Wretch telling his Gold and Silver; he is a rich, covetous Citizen. His Coach, which he had for almost nothing at an Auction of an Alcalde of the Court, is drawn by two poor lean Mules that are in the Stable, and which he feeds according to the Laws of the Twelve Tables, that is, each with a Pound of Barley a-day.

C4 H

He uses them as the Romans did their Slaves. It is about two Years fince he return'd from the Indies, loaded with a vast Quantity of Bars of Gold, which he turn'd into ready Money. Do but admire with what an Eye of Pleasure this Fool surveys his Riches. He is never satisfy'd with looking at them. But at the same time see what is going forward in the Chamber adjoining. Don't you fee two young Fellows with an old Woman? Yes, answer'd Don Cleofas, I suppose they are his Children. No, reply'd the Devil; they are his Nephews and Heirs, who being impatient to divide his Spoils, are consulting a Witch to know when he shall die.

In the next House there is a Couple of pleasant Pictures enough. One is a superannuated Coquet going to Bed, after leaving her Hair, Eyebrows, and Teeth on her Toilet. The other is an amorous Dotard of fixty, just come from making Love. He has already laid down his Eye,

falle

false Whiskers and Peruke which hid his bald Pate, and expects his Man to take off his wooden Arm, and Leg, to go to Bed with the rest.

If I may trust my Eyes, faid Zambullo, in yonder House I see a beautiful, tall young Girl, that would make a fine Picture: What a charming Air she has! Very well, reply'd the Cripple; that beautiful young Creature you are fo charm'd with is elder Sister to the Gallant that is going to Bed. One may fay she is the Counter-part of that old Coquet who lodges with her. Her Shape, which you admire, is a Machine, in the adjusting of which all the Art of the ablest Mechanics has been exhausted: her Breasts and her Hips are artificial, and not long fince she dropp'd her Rump at Church, in the midst of the Sermon. Yet as she gives herself a girlish Air, she has two young Fellows that strive to be in her good Graces: nay, they have even proceeded to Blows for her. CS The The Fools! methinks I fee two Dogs

fighting for a Bone.

Pr'ythee laugh with me at the Concert begun after a Family-Supper, in that House hard by there: They are finging Cantatas; an old Counsellor compos'd the Music, and the Words are a Bayliff's, who fets up for making Love, a Coxcomb that makes Verses for his own Diversion, and the Punishment of others. The Symphony confifts of a Bagpipe and a Spiner: An old ungain Choirister with a squeaking Pipe fings the Treble, and a young Girl with a very deep Voice the Bass. Very pleasant indeed, cry'd Don Cleofas laughing! Had they intended to have made a Jest of all Music, they could not have succeeded better.

Cast your Eyes on that magnificent Palace, pursu'd the Devil, you will there see a great Lord laid in a splendid Apartment, with a Casket full of Billets-doux, which he is continually reading to lull him assep more gs

1e

)-

e:

ld

nd

ts

b

i-

9+

of

1-

g

g

IC

d

1

11

-

u

8

t

-

P

more voluptuously. They come from a Lady whom he adores, and who puts him to such an Expence, that he will soon be reduced to follicit for a Vice-Royalty to support himsfelf.

If every body is at Rest in that Palace, and every thing hush'd and still there; to make Amends, every thing feems to be in Motion in the next House on the lest Hand. Do not you distinguish a Lady in a red Damask Bed? It is a Woman of Quality, Donna Fabula, who has just fent for a Midwife, and is going to present her old Husband Don Torribio, whom you see by her, with an Heir. Are not you charm'd with that Gentleman's good Nature? The Cries of his dear Moiety pierce his Soul: He is penetrated with Grief, and suffers as much as she. With what Care and Earnestness does he strive to help her! Really, said Leandro, the Man is in a great Fluster; but I discern another who seems to fleep very found in the same House, withwithout being concern'd at the Success of the Affair. And yet he should have some Concern, reply'd the Cripple, since that Domestic is the first Cause of all the Pains his Lady suffers.

Carry your Eye a little farther, continu'd he, and observe that Hypocrite in a low Room rubbing himfelf all over with Coach-wheel Grease, in order to go to a Meeting of Sorcerers this Night between St. Sebastian's and Fontarabia. I would carry you thither this Minute to oblige you with so pleasant a Diversion, if I was not afraid of being known by the Devil who personates the Goat there.

That Devil and you then, said the Scholar, are not very good Friends. No, I think not indeed, answer'd Asmodeo; Why it is the Numerical Pillardoc I was mentioning just now. The Rascal would most certainly betray me, and inform our Magician of my Flight. You have besides perhaps had some Squabble with this.

e

2

.

this same Pillardoc. I have so, reply'd the Damon: About two Years ago we had a fresh Dispute about a Gentleman's Son at Paris who had some Thoughts of settling in the World. We both pretended to the Disposal of him. He would have made him a Factor, and I would sain have had him a smart Fellow, and made his Fortune among the Women; but our Comrades, to end the Dispute, made a rascally Monk of him. They then reconciled us, and we embraced—— and from that time became mortal Foes.

Let us have done with this belle Assemblée, said Don Cleofas, for I have no manner of Curiosity to be at it; but let us rather pursue our Examination of what offers before us. Pray tell me, what mean those Sparks of Fire issuing out of that Cave? It is, reply'd the Devil, one of the most foolish amongst all the Works of Men. The grave Personage you see in that Cave, at the slaming Furnace, is an Alchymist, whose

whose rich Patrimony the Fire will confume by degrees, and he will never find what he spends it in Search of. For, between you and I, the Philosopher's Stone is no better than a fine Chimera, that I my felf forged, to divert my felf with Human Understanding, which would pass the

Bounds prescrib'd to it.

This Alchymist's Neighbour is an honest Apothecary, who is not yet gone to Bed. You see him at work in his Shop with his decrepid Wife and Apprentice. Do you know what they are doing? The Master is preparing a prolific Pill for an old Advocate that is to be married Tomorrow; the Man is making a laxative Decoction, and the Woman beating aftringent Drugs in a Mortar.

In the House over-against the Apothecary's, faid Zambullo, I fee a Man getting out of Bed and dreffing in all hafte. 'Adfo, answer'd the Spirit, it is a Physician rising upon a very preffing Occasion. He fent for to a Prelate, who cough'd twice or thrice after he was gone to Bed.

Turn your Eyes a little farther to the right, and try, whether by the dull Lamp in that Garret, you can distinguish a Man stalking in his Shirt. Yes, yes, I am right, cry'd the Scholar, by the same Token that I would venture to draw you up an Inventory of the Furniture in it. There is nothing but a wretched forry Bed, a Stool, a Table, and the dirty Walls all over as black as Soot. That lofty-minded Person, reply'd Afmodeo, is a Poet; and what seems black to you, are Tragic Verses of his own Composition, with which he has hung his Chamber; for the want of Paper forces him to write his Poems on the Walls.

By the Hurry, and busy Air of his Gait, said Don Cleofas, I should conclude that he was composing some piece of very great Importance. You are not in the wrong to think

gave the finishing Stroke to a Tragedy, Intitl'd, the Universal Deluger. He cannot be reproach'd with neglecting the Unity of Place, since all the Scenes are laid in Noah's Ark.

I affure you 'tis an excellent Piece, for all the Beafts are there introduced talking as learnedly as for many Doctors. He intends to dedicate it, and has already spent fix Hours in working up the Epistle Dedicatory, and is at this Moment gotten to the last Line. It may justly be call'd a Master-piece; for not one of the moral or political Virtues, not one of the Topics of Praise that can possibly be bestow'd on a Man whose Ancestors, or his own Merit, has rendred illustrious, are spar'd: Never was Author fo prodigally lavish of his Flatteries. To whom does he defign to address so magnificent an Elogy? reply'd the Scholar. He knows nothing of that yet, answer'd the Devil, he has left a Blank for the the Name, and he is in Quest of some rich Lord, more generous than the Patrons to whom he has dedicated his former Pieces. But People that pay for Dedications are very scarce now-a-days. Men of Quality have mended that Fault, and thereby done an acceptable Service to the Public, which before was continually pester'd with wretched Performances; the greatest part of Books being formerly written for the Lucre of their Dedications.

Now we are upon the Subject of Dedications, added the Damon, I must give you a very extraordinary Circumstance: A Lady at Court having allow'd an Author to dedicate his Works to her, resolv'd to see the Dedication before it was printed; and not thinking it came up to her Persections, took the Pains to compose one of her own, and send it to the Author to place it before his Works.

I fancy, cry'd Leandro, I fee Thieves breaking into a House over

a Balcony. You are not mistaken, faid Asmodeo, they are Housebreakers getting into a Banker's. Let us watch them, and see what they will do. They are examining the Counting-house, and rummaging every where. But the Banker has been before-hand with them, he yesterday made the best of his way to Holland, with all the Riches in his Coffers.

Sure, said Zambullo, that is another Thief on a filk Ladder getting into a Balcony. No; he is not what you take him to be, answer'd the Cripple. It is a Marquis fealing the Chamber of a Virgin, who is very willing to be rid of that Name. He made her some superficial Promises of Marriage, and she not in the least distrusting his Oaths, has yielded; and no Wonder, for on Love's Exchange, your Marquisses are Merchants of very great Reputation.

I should be glad to know, faid the Scholar, what that Man in the Night-gown and Cap is doing. He

is writing very hard, and all the while his Hand is guided by a little black Figure that stands at his Elbow. The Man a writing, answer'd the Devil, is a Clerk or Register of a Court, who, to oblige a Guardian who will return the Favour, is altering a Decree pronounced in Favour of his Pupil, and the little black Figure that guides his Hand, is Beau Griffael, the Clerks Devil. But this Griffael, reply'd Don Cleofas, I suppole, fupplies this Place only as a Deputy; fince Flagel being the Spirit of the Bar, the Registers seem directly subject to his Direction. No, reply'd Asmodeo; the Registers were thought a Body confiderable enough to have a Devil of their own; and I affure you he has more upon his Hands than he can compais. 103

In a Citizen's House next Door to the Register, observe a young Lady on the first Floor; she is a Widow, and the Man you fee with her is her Uncle, who lives on the second. The Bashfulness of that gauoyiofo a facetions is she Spanish ID

young Widow deserves your Admiration: she scruples receiving her, Shift before her Uncle, but retires into her Cabinet, to have it put on by her Gallant, whom she has hid-

den there.

With the Register lives a Relation of his, a great, greafy, lame Graduate, who for Joking has not his Fellow in the World. Volumnius, fo cry'd up by Cicero for his smart. witty Repartees, did not rally fo agreeably. This Batchelor, call'd at Madrid the Graduate * Donoso by way of Excellence, is courted by all the Court and City that make Entertainments. Every one strives who shall have him; he has a particular Knack of making the Guests merry, and is the very Soul and Delight of an Entertainment; fo that he every day dines at some confiderable Man's, and never returns 'till two in the Morning. He is now at the Marquis of Alcaniza's, which happen'd

^{*} Donoso is facetious in the Spanish Tongue.

purely by chance. How by chance? interrupted Leandro. I will explain my self, answer'd the Devil. About Noon to-day there were five or fix Coaches at the Graduate's Door from different Noblemen that all sent for him. He order'd their Pages to be sent up to him, and taking a Pack of Cards, told them, that since he could not oblige all their Masters, and was resolv'd not to give any Preserence, those Cards should decide the Matter, and that he would dine with the King of Spades.

What can be the Design of that Cavalier, said Don Cleofas, who is sitting at a Door on the other side the Way? Does he wait for the Chamber-maid's letting him in? No, no, answer'd Asmodeo; He is a young Castilian that is practising your sublime Love in Form. He has a mind, out of a pure Spirit of Gallantry, in Imitation of Lovers of former Days, to pass the Night at his Mistress's Door. Every now and

then

then he thrums upon a miserable Guitar, accompanying it with Ditties of his own composing; but his Dulcinea who lies on the second Floor, whilst she is listening to his Musick, is all the while bewailing the Absence of his Rival.

Let us give a Look into that new Building divided into two separate Wings. In the first lives the Owner of it, that old Gentleman who sometimes walks about the Room, and fometimes finks into his easy Chair: Sure, said Zambullo, his Head must be taken up with some Project of Importance. Who can this Man be? To judge, by the Splendor and Riches of his Apartments, he must be some Grandee of the highest Rank. However, answer'd the Devil, he is no more than a Contador, but is grown old in Places of great Profit. His Estate is worth about four Millions; but his Conscience suggesting some uneasy Reflections upon the manner of his acquiring it, and finding he must shortly make up his AcAccounts in the other World, he is grown scrupulous, and is thinking of building a Monastery, and slatters himself that after so good a Work, his Mind will be at Rest. He has already obtain'd Leave to found a Convent; but being sirmly resolv'd not to place any Monks in it, in whom the Virtues of Chastity, Sobriety, and Humility do not eminently shine, he is very much puzled in the Choice.

In the second Wing lives a fair Lady, who after bathing in Milk, is just stept into Bed. This voluptuous Creature is Widow to a Knight of the Order of St. Jaques, whose empty Title was all the Riches he lest her. But by good Fortune, two Counsellors of the Council of Castile are her Gallants, who equally contribute to the Expences of her House.

Alas! cry'd the Scholar, the Air resounds with Shrieks and Lamentations. Some sad Accident must have happen'd. It is this, said the Spirit.

Two young Gentlemen were playing at Cards in that Gaming-house, where you see so many Lamps and Candles lighted up; they grew warm upon their Game, drew their Swords, and wounded each other mortally. The eldest of them is married, the youngest an only Son, and they are both expiring. The Wife of the one, and the Father of the other, inform'd of the sad Disaster, are just come to them, and they fill the Neighbourhood with their Complaints. Unfortunate Child, said the Father addressing himself to his Son, who was past hearing him, how often have I advised thee to leave off Play? How often have I foretold thee, that it would cost thee thy Life? If thou diest thus unfortunately, I here call Heaven to Witness. it is not my Fault. As for the poor Wife, the is running mad; tho' her Husband have by his Gaming lost all the Fortune she brought him, tho' he have fold all her Jewels, and even her very Cloaths; the is

C

n

t

k

tl

F

W

tł

m

A

M

th

It

is inconsolable at the Loss of him. She is cursing Cards, which have been the Cause of it, she is cursing him that invented them, she is cursing the Gaming-house and all that live in it.

I extremely pity People that are raving mad for Play, faid Don Cleofas, their Minds are often in such a horrid Situation. Thank Heaven, I have nothing to answer for upon account of that Vice. But you have another full as bad, reply'd the Devil. Think you it is at all more excusable to give yourself up to common Profficutes; and was not you this very Night in Danger of being kill'd by Bullies? Really I admire at the Folly of Mankind; their own Faults feem Peccadillo's to them, whereas they look at those of others thro' a Microscope.

Let me present you with some more melancholy Images, continu'd Asmodeo; observe that corpulent Man stretch'd out upon a Bed in the House just by the Gaming-house. It is an unfortunate Canon, who just

Vol.I. D now

fell into an Apoplexy: his Niece and Domestics, far from affording him any Assistance, suffer him to die for want of it, and are seizing his best Essects, and conveying them to a Receiver of stolen Goods; after which they will be wholly at Leissure to mourn and to lament.

A little farther you see two Men, whom they are now burying: They are two Brothers, that were both fick of the same Disease, but took different Measures; one of them rely'd, with an entire Confidence, on his Physician; the other let Nature take her Course, yet they are both dead; the former from taking all the Physic the Doctor order'd, and the latter because he would take nothing. This is very perplexing, faid Leandro; Alas! what must then a poor fick Man do? That is more than I can tell you, reply'd the Devil: I know very well there are fuch things as good Remedies, but cannot say whether there are any good Phyficians.

Let Let

f

21

n

fc

ri

W

M

P

th

bu

h

k

a

rc

th

he

he

g.

01

ck

an

WC

as

Say

ny-

Let us change the Scene, continu'd he; I will shew you something more diverting. Do not you hear a frightful Din in the Street? A Widow of fixty has this Morning married a young Fellow of seventeen, upon which, all the merry Fellows in that Quarter are met together to celebrate the Wedding, with a jangling Confort of Pots, Frying-pans, and Kettles. You told me, interrupted the Scholar, that the making ridiculous Matches was your Province; yet you had no hand in this. No truly, reply'd the Cripple; I was far from having any hand in it, for I was confin'd; but had I been at Liberty, I would not have meddled in it. This Widow had a scrupulous Conscience, and only married to enjoy her darling Pleasures without Remorfe. I never make such Marriages: I have a much greater Pleasure in troubling Consciences, than in fetting them at reft.

Notwithstanding the Din of this burlesque Serenade, said Zambullo, I

D 2 fancy

fancy I hear another Noise. Yes, answer'd the Cripple, it comes from a Tavern, where a great, greafy Dutch Captain, a French Choirister, and a German Officer of the Guards are finging a Three-part Song; they have been at it ever fince eight this Morning, and each of them fancies it is for the Honour of his Country to make the two others Drunk.

Throw your Eyes a Moment cross the Way to that House that stands by it self over-against the Canon's; you will see three famous Courtezans making a Debauch with three great Lords of the Court. Ah how pretty are they, faid Don Cleofas! I do not wonder that Men of Quality are so mad after them. How they embrace them! they must certainly be deeply in Love with them. How young and unexperienced are you, faid the Spirit! You do not know this fort of Ladies; their Hearts are more painted than their Faces. Whatever Marks of Tenderness they express, yet they have not the least Grain

b

Y

8

3

e

1

y

y

ly

W

u,

W

re

it-

X-

aft

in

Grain of it for those Lords. They carefs the one for a Protection, and the two others for Settlements. It is so with all Coquets, and tho' Men very fairly ruin themselves for them, they are not the more lov'd by them; but on the contrary, whoever pays for Love, is treated like a Husband: This is a Law in amorous Intrigues. which I my felf have establish'd. But let us leave those worthy Peers to taste the Pleasures they so dearly purchase, whilst their Footmen, who wait for them in the Street, comfort themselves in the pleasing Expectations of enjoying them gratis.

Pray do me the Favour, interrupted Leandro Perez, to explain that Picture that now presents it self before me. Every body is still up in that great House on the Lest. What is the meaning that some are laughing ready to burst, and others dancing? It must be some great Festival sure. It is a Wedding, said the Cripple, all the Servants are making merry, but within less than three Days, that

D 3 very

54 The DEVIL Chap. IV.

very Palace which you see at prefent the Scene of so much Joy, was the House of utmost Mourning. It is a Story I must let you into: indeed it is somewhat long, but I hope you will not think it tiresome. At the same time he thus began.



CHAP. IV.

The History of the Amours of the Count de Belslor, and of Leonora de Cespides.

THE Count de Belflor, one of the most considerable Grandees of the Court, lov'd young Leonora de Cespides to distraction, but never intended to marry her: The Daughter of an ordinary Gentleman did not seem a Match considerable enough for him, for which reason he only propos'd to make a Mistress of her.

'Twas with this Design that he pursu'd her where-ever she went,

and



ol.1. p.54



and lost no Opportunity of discovering his Love, by the extraordinary Respects he paid her: But he could neither speak nor write to her, she being perpetually guarded by a severe and vigilant Duenna, whose Name was Madam Marcella. This drove him to Despair, and seeling his Desires irritated, by the Dissiculty of attaining them, he was continually projecting Ways to deceive the Argus which guarded his Io.

On the other side, Leonora perceiving the Count's Regard for her,
could not help being touch'd with
the same Tenderness for him, which
insensibly form'd it self into such a
Passion in her Heart, as at last grew
to be extremely violent. I did not
indeed augment it by my common
Temptations, because the Magician,
who kept me Prisoner, deny'd me
the Use of all my Functions; but
Nature, no less dangerous than my
self, engag'd in it, and that was enough. And indeed all the difference
that there is betwixt her and me is,

D 4

that

that Nature corrupts Hearts by flow degrees, whilst I seduce them expe-

ditioufly.

Affairs were in this Posture, when Leonora and her perpetual Governante, going one Morning to Church, met an old Woman with one of the largest String of Beads that ever Hypocrifie yet made: accosting them with a pleasant smiling Air, she thus address'd her self to the Duenna: The good God preserve you! said she; The holy Peace be with you! Give me leave to ask whether you are not Madam Marcella, the chaste Widow of the late Signior Martin Rozeta? The Governante having anfwer'd, Yes: You are luckily met then, reply'd the old Woman; and I am to acquaint you, that I have at home an old Relation of mine, who is very defirous to speak with you. He is lately arriv'd from Flanders, was your Husband's most intimate Friend, and has some Particulars of the utmost Importance to communicate to you. He had waited on you

you if he had not been prevented by a fit of Sickness, that has reduced him to the point of Death. I live not half a Stone's throw from hence, I beseech you to take the Trouble of

following me.

The Governante, who wanted not Prudence and good Sense, being afraid of a falle Step, knew not what to resolve on; but the old Woman gueffing the Reason of her Uneasines, said to her; Dear Madam Marcella, you may securely rely upon me, my Name is la Chicona; the Licentiate Marcas de Figueroa, and the Batchelor Mira de Masqua will anfwer for me as foon as for their Grandmothers. I don't desire you to come to my House for any thing but your own good. My Relation is willing to restore you a Sum of Money, which he borrow'd of your Husband. The very thoughts of Restitution engag'd Marcella on her side: Come Girl, said she to Leonora, let's go fee this good Lady's Relation; to visit the Sick is an Act of Charity.

D 5 They

They foon reach'd la Chirona's House; and were led into a lower Room, where they found a Man in Bed with a grey Beard, and if he was not really very fick, he at least feign'd himself so. Cousin, said the Old Woman, presenting to him the Governante, here is the Lady you defir'd to speak with, Madam Marcella, the Widow of your Friend Signior Martin Rozeta. At thefe Words the old Man lifting up his Head a little, faluted the Duenna, and making Signs for her to come nearer the Bed-side, said in a seeble Tone; I thank Heaven, dear Madam Marcella, for prolonging my Life to this Moment, which was the only thing I defir'd; I fear'd I Thould have dy'd without the Satisfaction of feeing you, and putting into your own Hands an hundred Ducats which my intimate Friend, your late Husband, lent me to help me out of an honourable Quarrel I was formerly engag'd in at Bruges. Did he never acquaint you with that Adventure? Alas

Alas no, answer'd Madam Marcella, he never mention'd it. God rest his Soul! he was generous enough to forget the Services he did his Friends; and, very unlike those Boasters who brag of what they never did, he never told when he oblig'd any Person. He certainly had a very great Soul, reply'd the old Man; a Truth which I am more firmly engag'd to believe than any Man elfe; and to prove it to you, you must give me leave to relate the Affair out of which I was fo happily extricated by his Affistance; but having something to disclose of the last Importance with regard to the Memory of the deceas'd, I should be very glad of an Opportunity of revealing them to his discreet Widow alone.

Very well, said la Chicona, that you may have the better Opportunity of discoursing her in private, this young Lady and I will retire to my Closet. At these Words she lest the Duenna with the sick Man, and conducted Leonora into another Cham-

Chamber, where without any Circomlocution she said, Fair Leonora, the Moments are too precious to be mif-spent; you know the Count de Belftor by fight, he has long lov'd you, and languishing dies for an Opportunity to tell you fo; but the Vigilance and Severity of your Governante have always hindred him from enjoying that Satisfaction. In this Despair he had Recourse to my Industry, which I have made use of for him. The old Man, whom you have just now seen is the Count's young Valet de Chambre, and all that hath been done is only a Trick to deceive your Governance and draw you hither.

These Words were no sooner ended, than the Count, who was conceal'd behind the Hangings, appear'd, and throwing himself at Leonora's Feer: Madam, said he, pardon the Stratagem of a Lover who could no longer live without speaking to you; if this obliging Matron had not procur'd me this Opportunity, I should have

have abandon'd my self to Despair. These Words, express'd with a very moving Air by a Person not at all disagreeable to her, highly perplex'd Leonora: she continu'd some time doubtful what Answer she ought to make; but at last recovering herself, and looking displeas'd at the Count, said: Perhaps you believe your self very much oblig'd to this officious Lady, who has so well serv'd your Purpose; but her Designs to serve you shall prove inestages.

At these Words she made several Steps to get out of the Room, but the Count stopp'd her; Stay, said he, adorable Leonora, hear me one Moment, my Passion is so pure that it ought not to alarm you; I own you have some Grounds to oppose the Artistice which I have made use of to converse with you; but have I not hitherto in vain endeavour'd to speak to you? I have follow'd you these six Months to the Churches, Walks, Play-houses, and all publick Places.

Places. I have long in vain watch'd an Opportunity of telling you how you have charm'd me; your cruel, your merciless Governess has continually frustrated my Designs. Alas then, instead of turning the Stratagem which I have been forced to employ into a Crime, commiserate, fair Leonona, my suffering all the Tortures of such a tedious Expectation, and judge, by your Charms, the mortal Pangs they have occasion'd.

Belfler did not forget to reinforce his Words with all the Airs of Perfusion which gallant Men are us'd to practife with Success, accompanying his Words with some Tears; with which Leanors began to be touch'd, and in despight of her Resolution, some tender compassionate Emotions began to arise in her Heart; but far from yielding to them, the more she perceiv'd them to grow, the more she perceiv'd them to grow, the more she press'd to be gone. Count, said she, all your Talk is in vain, I will not hear you; don't detain

tain me any longer, but let me go out of a House in which my Virtue is fo rudely attack'd, or by my Cries I will call in all the Neighbourhood, and expose your Audaciousness to the Publick. This the utter'd in such a resolute Tone, that la Chicona, who was oblig'd to fland in Awe of the Magistracy, begg'd of the Count not to push things any farther: Upon which he forbore opposing Leonora's Intention, who got out of his Hands, and (what had never before happen'd to any Virgin) quitted the Closet as good a Maid as the enter'd it.

She immediately flew to her Governante; Come, good Matron, said she, leave off your foolish Dialogue; we are cheated, let's quit this dangerous House. What's the Matter, Child! with Amazement answer'd Madam Marcella: What is the Reason of your so hasty Departure? I'll inform you, reply'd Leonora; but let's sly, for every Minute I stay here gives me fresh Uncasiness. How-

ever earnest the Duenna was to know the Cause of this Haste, she could not then be satisfy'd, but was oblig'd to yield to the Instances of Leonora. They both went away in a hurry, leaving la Chicona, the Count, and his Valet de Chambre in as great Confusion, as a parcel of Players oblig'd to act a Piece, that has already been

damn'd by the Criticks.

When Leonora was gotten into the Street, with a great deal of inward Disturbance she began to tell her Governante what pass'd in la Chicona's Closet. Madam Marcella was very attentive, and when they had reach'd their own House, I protest, my Daughter, faid she, I am extreamly mortify'd at the Thoughts of what you have just inform'd me of; how was it possible for me to be deluded by that old Woman? At first I made a Difficulty of following her: O that I had continu'd in the same Opinion! I ought to have mistrusted her flattering Wheedles. I have committed a Folly not to be forgiven

given in a Person of my Experience. Ah why did not you discover this Plot whilft I was at la Chicona's House! I would have scratch'd out their Eyes, call'd the Count de Belflor by all the Names I could have thought on, and tore off the Beard of the Counterfeit old Man, who told me fo many Lies. But I will this Minute return with the Money which I honeftly receiv'd as a real Restitution of what I suppos'd my Husband had lent, and if I find them together they shall not lose by flaying for me. These Words ended, she put on her Veil which she had laid by, flew out, and made the best of her way to la Chicona's House. on a charling out that he he

The Count was yet there, and by the ill Success of his Stratagem, reduced almost to Despair. Another would have quitted the Pursuit; but he was not discouraged: For, with a thousand good Qualities, he had one which was very ill; it was the suffering himself to be too much hurry'd

hurry'd on by his amorous Inclinations. Whenever he lov'd a Lady. he was too warm in the Pursuit of her Favours, and tho' naturally an honest Man, he made no Scruple of violating the most facred Laws to accomplish his Defires. Confidering then that it was impossible for him to gain his End without the Affistance of Madam Marcella, he resolv'd to leave no Means unattempted to engage her in his Interest. He concluded that this Duenna, how fevere soever she appear'd, was not Proof against a considerable Present; and indeed his Opinion was not unjust, for if there are any such things as Trufty Governantes, the only Reafon is that the Gallants are not rich enough to make sufficient Presents.

Madam Marcella was no sooner arrriv'd, but finding those she wish'd for there, she open'd in a very outrageous manner, loading the Count and la Chicona with a Million of hard Names, and made the Restitution-Sum shy at the Head of the Valet de Chambre.

Chambre. The Count attempted to appeale this Storm with Patience, and throwing himself at the Duenna's Feet to render the Scene more moving, he pres'd her to take the Purse again, and offer'd her a thousand Pistoles befides, conjuring her to have Pity on him. Asher Compassion had never been so powerfully sollicited, fo she did not prove inexorable. She foon quitted her Invectives, and comparing the offer'd Sum with the mean Recompence the expected from Don Lewis, the eafily found that it was more for her Interest to draw Leonora from her Duty, than preferve her in it; which engag'd her, after a few complimental Refusals, to take up the Purse again, accept the Offer of the thousand Pistoles, promise to be subservient to the Count's Passion, and immediately prepare for a Performance of her Promise.

Knowing Leonora to be a virtuous young Lady, she very carefully a-voided giving her the least Suspicion

of her Correspondence with the Count, for fear the should discover it to Don Lewis, her Father; and being refolv'd on more subtle Meafures to ruin her, the thus address'd herself at her Return : Leonora, I have just now satisfy'd my enrag'd Mind, I found the three villanous Deceivers confounded at our courageous Retreat. I threaten'd la Chicona with your Father's Resentment, and the most rigorous Severity of the Law; I call'd the Count de Belflor all the ill Names which Rage could suggest, and hope that Lord will no more be guilty of any fuch Attempts, and that his Intrigues will no more exercise my Vigilance. I thank Heav'n that by your Refolution you have escap'd the Net which was spread for you. I weep for Joy, I am ravish'd to think he has not been able to gain any Advantage over you by this Stratagem; for great Lords make it their Diversion to seduce young Ladies. Most of those who value themselves on preferving

ferving the strictest degree of Probity are not scrupulous on this Head, as the the dishenouring of Families was no ill Act. I don't absolutely say that the Count is a Man of this Character, nor that he aims at deceiving you; we must not always judge ill of our Neighbours, perhaps his Designs are honourable: The his Quality entitles him to the best Match at Court, your Beauty may yet have made him resolve to marry you: I remember also, in the Answers he made to the hard Words I gave him, he hinted it to me.

What do you say, good Governante? interrupted Leonora; if he
had any such Intention, he would
before now have ask'd me of my Father, who would never have deny'd
a Man of his Quality. What you
say is very just, reply'd the Duenna,
I am of your Mind; the Course
which the Count took is suspicious,
or rather his Intentions were ill: I
am almost in the Mind to return to
him, and scold at him afresh. No,
good

was put to you, refuse to marry him?

At this malicious Question the too sincere Leonara cast down her Eyes, and blushing own'd that she had no Aversion for him; but Modesty preventing her farther discovering her-

great Crime to hearken to him? Unbosom your felf, you know my tender Affection for you; Are you fensible of any Alteration in Favour of the Count? or would you, if it

self,

felf, the Dueune pres'd her afresh to hide nothing from her: She, overpower'd by the Governante's tender Professions went on: Good Marcella, faid she, since you would have me talk to you as my Confident know that I think Belflor descryes tobe lov'd: I lik'd his Mein fo well, and withal have heard such an advantageous Character of him, that I could not help being touch'd with his Addresses. The indefatigable Care which you always took to oppose them hath frequently given me great Uncafinels, and I own that I have filently deplor'd, and in some measure repaid with my Tears, the Pains your Vigilance has forced him to bear. I will farther own to you at this very Moment, that instead of hating him after this rash Attempt, my Heart against my Will excuses him, and throws the Fault on your Severity.

Daughter, reply'd the Governante, fince you give me leave to believe his Addresses will be agreeable to

you,

I will manage this Lover for you. I am very sensible, answer'd Leonora in a more moving Tone, of the Service you are willing to render me: If the Count was not one of the Grandees of the first Rank at Court, was he only a bare Gentleman, I should prefer him to all Men; but let us not flatter ourselves, Belflor is a great Lord, and doubtless is defign'd for one of the richest Heiresses in the Kingdom. Don't let us expect that he will ever descend to Don Lewis's Daughter, who has but a mean Fortune to offer him: No. no, adds she, he has no such favourable Thought of me; he does not think me worth bearing his Name, and pursues me only to dishonour

Ah wherefore, said the Duenna, will you think he does not love you well enough to marry you? Love daily works greater Miracles than that. You seem to imagine that Heaven hath set an infinite distance betwixt the Count and you; do your-

il

your self more Justice, Leonora; it would not be below him to join his Fortune to yours; you are of an ancient noble Family, and your Alliance could never put him to the Blush. Since you have some Inclinations towards him, continu'd she, I must talk with him: I will examine his Intentions, and if I find them such as they ought to be, I will encourage them with some Hopes. Oh take care how you do that, reply'd Leonora; I am of Opinion you ought not to go in fearch of him; if he suspects my having any hand in it, he will ceafe to value me. Oh I am a Woman of more Address than you imagine, reply'd Marcella; I will begin with accufing him of a Defign to seduce you, upon which he will not fail to justify himself; I will hear him, and shall see the Event. In short, my Daughter, leave it to me, I'll manage your Honour as cautiously as if it were my own. The VOL. I.

Leonora, who impatiently expected her, ask'd what News she had brought: The best that you could ever hear, answer'd the Governante, all things succeed the best in the World. I have seen the Count; I

can

CO

en

CO

can tell you that his Intentions are not ill, he has no other Defign but that of marrying you. This he swore to me by all that is facred amongst Men. You may perhaps imagine that I yielded to him upon this, but I affure you I did not. If you are thus resolv'd, said I, why don't you make the usual Application to Don Lewis? Ah, dear Marcella, answer'd he without appearing disturbed at this Question, could you think it proper for me to obtain her Father's good Will, before I was affured how the stood inclin'd towards me; and, considering nothing but the Transports of a blind Passion, endeavour tyrannically to obtain her of her Father? No; her Ease is dearer to me than my own Defires, and I am too much a Man of Honour to build my Happiness on her Misfortunes.

d

25

in

ng

ad

ıld

te,

; I

can

During these Expressions of his, continu'd the Duenna, I observ'd him with the utmost Attention, and employ'd all my Experience in discovering by his Eyes whether his E 2 Love

Love was so sincere as he reprefented it. What shall I say? He feem'd touch'd with a real Passion. and I with a Joy which without much difficulty I could not conceal. Being then fatisfy'd with his Sincerity, I thought it not improper to glance at your Sentiments with regard to him, in order to fecure you fuch a confiderable Lover. My Lord, faid I to him, Leonora hath no Averfion to you; and, as far as I can judge, your Addresses are not insupportable to her. Great God, exclaim'd he then all in a Rapture, what do I hear! Is it possible that the charming Leonora should entertain any favourable Thoughts of me: How much am I indebted to you, most obliging Marcella, for having rid me of fuch a tedious Uncertainty: You, who by a continual Opposition have loaded me with so many Torments. But, dear Marcella, compleat my Bliss, by obliging me with an Opportunity of speaking with the Divine Leonora; I will folemnly

lemnly promise and swear before you, that I will never be any other's but hers.

To this, pursu'd the Governante, he added yet more moving Affeverations; in short, Daughter, he entreated me in such a pressing manner to procure him a private Opportunity of speaking to you, that I could not avoid promising to accomplish it. Ah, why did you promise him that? reply'd Leonora somewhat disturb'd. With how much Care have you inculcated this Doctrine into me, that a prudent Virgin ought industriously to shun all dangerous Conversations? I agree to what you say, reply'd the Duenna, and it is a very good Maxim; but you may lawfully dispense with it on this Occasion, fince you may look on the Count as your Husband. He is not so yet, reply'd Leonora, and I ought not to fee him before my Father allows of his Suit.

Madam Marcella now began to repent the good Education she had E 2 be-

e

bestow'd on the young Lady, fince the found it to difficult to subdue her Virtue. But yet resolv'd to compass her End, cost what it would. My dear Leonora, faid the, I applaud myself when I see you so reserv'd. Oh happy Fruit of my Cares! You have profited by all the Rules I have given you. I am charm'd with my own Work! But, my Daughter, you exaggerate what I have taught, you strain my Morals too severely, and your Virtue is indeed a little too rude. Tho' I am fond of a frict Severity, yet I cannot approve of a brutish ill-manner'd Caution, indiflinguishably and indifferently levell'd against Guilt and Innocence. A Virgin doth not abandon her Virtue. by affording her Ear to a Lover, of the Purity of whose Desires she is satisfy'd; in which case it is no more criminal to answer his Paffion. than it is to be sensible of it. Depend upon me, Leonora, I have too much Experience, and am too deeply engag'd in your Interests, to

to draw you into any Measures pre-

judicial to you.

0

0

Alas! where would you have me focak with the Count? faid Leonora. In your own Apartment, reply'd the Duenna, for that is the fafest Place: I will introduce him to-morrow Night. Good Marcella, reply'd Leonorg, shall I then admit a Man-Yes, you shall admit him, interrupted the Duenna; 'tis no fuch extraordinary thing as you imagine, 'tis done every day, and I fend up my Wishes to Heaven that the Maidens who receive fuch Vifits may be fortify'd with as good Intentions as yours? Befides, what have you to fear? Shall not I be with you? If my Father should surprize us! reply'd Leonora. Never difturb your felf in the least about that, return'd Marcella; your Father is perfectly fatisfy'd in your Conduct, knows my Fidelity, and reposes an entire Confidence in me. Upon this Leonora, being so violently push'd on by the Duenna, and inwardly pres'd by E 4

her Love, was no longer able to hold out, but yielded to Marcella's

Proposal.

The Count was immediately inform'd of it, and so joyfully receiv'd the News, that he instantly prefented his Female Agent with five hundred Pistoles and a Ring of the like Value; and the accordingly finding him fuch a strict Observer of his Word, refolv'd not to fail in the Performance of her Promise. So that next Night, as foon as she imagin'd the Family afleep, she fasten'd to the Balcony a filken Ladder which the Count had given her, and by that Means introduced the impatient Lover into his Mistress's Apartment.

In the mean while the young Lady was wholly taken up with a Series of melancholy Reflections, which very much disturb'd her. Notwithstanding her Inclination for the Count, and whatever her Governante could say, she blam'd her easie Consent to a Visit that would violate

violate her Duty. The Purity of his Intentions did not make her easy. To receive a Man into her Chamber by Night, whose real Sentiments she was ignorant of, and withal without her Father's Knowledge, seem'd to her not only criminal, but also what might render her contemptible in her Lover's Eyes. Twas this last Reslection which most tormented her, and she was extremely full of it when the Count enter'd.

He immediately fell on his Knees, to thank her for the Favour she did him. He appear'd thoroughly touch'd with Love and Acknowledgement, and assured her of his Intentions to marry her; but not expressing himself so satisfactorily on that head as she desir'd: Count, said she, I am willing to believe that you have no other Design than what you have told me; but whatever Assurances you can give me, I shall always suspect them 'till they are authorised by my Father's Consent. Ma

dam, answer'd Belflor, I had long fince ask'd that, if I had not fear'd the obtaining it at the Expence of your Repose. I don't blame you for not having yet done it, reply'd Leonora, but even approve these more refin'd Punctilio's of your Love; but nothing at present hinders you, and you must speak to my Father as foon as possible, or resolve never to see me more.

Ah! why never fee you more, charming Leonora! reply'd the Count. How little sensible are you of the Pleasures of Love! If you knew what it was to love, as well as I, you would be pleas'd with my difclosing my Pains in secret, and at least conceal them for some time from your Father's Knowledge. Oh how great are the Charms of fuch a private Correspondence betwixt two Hearts firmly united! They may prove fo to you, faid Leonora, but they can be no other than Torments to me. Such fubtle Distinctions of Tenderhels very ill become a virtuous

tuous Maiden: Boast therefore no more of the Delights of a guilty Commerce, which, if you valued me, you would not have offered; and if your Intentions are really such as you wou'd persuade me they are, you ought from the bottom of your Soul to blame my hearing such Offers so patiently. But alas, adds she, letting fall some Tears, 'tis to my Weakness alone that this Crime ought to be imputed; I have indeed deserved it, by doing what I have done for you.

Adorable Leonora, cry'd the Count, you wrong me extremely; your too scrupulous Virtue takes false Alarms. Why should you fear, because I have been so happy as to prevail on you to favour my Love, that I should cease to value you? How unjust is this! No, Madam, I am sensible of the full Value of your Favours; they can never deprive you of my Esteem; I am therefore ready to do what you expect of me, and will speak to Signior Don Lewis to-morrow. I will use my utmost Endeavour to obtain

Haoyit

ts

15

tain his Consent to my Happiness : but I must not omit telling you, that I see but small Hopes of it. How! replyed Leonora extremely furprized, can my Father possibly refuse his Consent to a Man of your Character and Quality at Court? 'Tis that very Quality and Character which makes me fear a Denial. You are in a surprize at what I say. But I'll rid you of it. Some Days past the King declared he was resolved to marry me. He hath not yet named the Lady he designs me for, but has only given to me understand that she is one of the best Matches at Court, and that he is firmly bent upon it. Not knowing at that time what Sentiments you might have with regard to me, (for you very well know that your rigorous Severity never before allowed me an Opportunity of discovering myself) I did not shew any Averseness to obey his Will. After this, judge, Madam, whether Don Lewis would run the Risque of the King's Displeasure, by accepting me for his Son-in-Law. No.

No doubtless, said Leonora; Iknow my Father, how great foever the Advantages of your Alliance might prove, would chuse rather to renounce it, than expose himself to the King's Displeasure. But if my Father should not oppose our Union, we should not yet be the happier; for in short, Count, how can you give me a Hand which the King has engag'd elsewhere? Madam, answered Belflor, I own fincerely that I at present labour under a very great Difficulty on that fide; but yet hope, that by an even and very prudent Conduct with regard to his Majesty, I shall so well manage his Favours and Friendship for me, as to invent a way to avoid a Misfortune with which I am fo unexpectedly threaten'd. You yourself, beautiful Leonora, may affift me herein, if you think me worth joining to you. Ah! in what manner, faid she, can I contribute to the breaking off the Match which the King has proposed to you? Ah, Madam, replyed he

he with a passionate Air, if you please to receive my Troth, which I offer to plight to you, I can preferve myself for you, without incurring the King's Displeasure.

Permit, adorable Leonora, adds he kneeling, that I espouse you in the Prosence of Madam Marcella, and let her be Witness of the Sanctity of our Engagement; by this means I shall easily escape that miserable Knot that is preparing for me: For after that, whenever the King preffes me to accept the Lady he defigns me, I have nothing to do but prostrate myself at the Feet of my Prince, and inform him that I have long lov'd and fecretly married you. However defirous he may be to marry me to another, he is yet too gracious to firstch me from her whom I adore. and too just to offer this Affront to your Family.

What do you think, discreet Marcella, adds he, turning to the Governante, what's your Opinion of this

Project

Project with which Love has this minute inspired me? I am charm'd with it, said the Duenna; it must indeed be own'd that Love is very ingenious! And you, charming Leonora, reply'd the Count, what do you say to it? Can your Heart, tho' arm'd with Distruct, resule its Approbation? No, return'd Leonora, provided you will let my Father into the Secret, who, I doubt not, will subscribe to what you will have him.

fcribe to what you will have him. We ought to be very careful how we intrust this Affair with him, here interrupted the wicked Duenna: You don't know Don Lewis: He is too nice in Punctilios of Honour to be affifting to fecret Amours: The very Propofal of a private Marriage will offend him. Besides, his Prudence will not fail to make him afraid of the Confequences of an Union which feems to shock the King's Defigns. By this indiscreet Step you will fill him with Suspicions, his Eyes will be continually upon you in all your Acti-ons, and he will deprive you of all Opportunities. Ah!

Ah! I shall then die with Grief, cry'd our Courtier. But Madam Marcella, pursu'd he, affecting a melancholy Tone, do you really believe that Don Lewis would reject the Offer of a private Marriage? I don't doubt it in the least, answered the Governante; but grant that he should accept it, he is so scrupulously religious that he would never yield to the Omission of any of the Ceremonies of the Church, and if they are all performed in your Marriage it will soon be published.

Ah my dear Leonora, then said the Count tenderly locking his Mistres's Hand betwixt his own, must we, to satisfie a vain Notion of Decorum, expose our selves to the terrible Danger of being separated for ever, since there is no occasion for any body but yourself to dispose of yourself to me? The Consent of a Father would perhaps spare you some uneasy Thoughts; but since Madam Marcella has shew'd us the Impossibility of obtaining it, yield yourself to my innocent Desires;

fires, receive my Heart and Hand, and when it shall be a proper time to inform Don Lewis of our Engagement, we will acquaint him also why we conceal'd it. Well, Count, faid Leonora, I consent then that you do not so soon speak to my Father; but first found the King's Mind. Before I receive your Hand in private, speak to your Prince, tell him you have privately married me; let's endeavour by this false Confidence-Oh no, Madam, reply'd Belflor, I am too great a Hater of a Lie, to dare to maintain this Feint; I cannot thus dissemble. Besides, I know the King, if he should once discover I had deceived him, would never pardon me so long as he lived.

I should never have done, Signior Cleofas, continu'd the Devil, if I should repeat verbatim all the Expressions which Belstor made use of to seduce this young Lady. Wherefore I shall only tell you that he employ'd all the passionate Lan-

guage

guage which I fuggest to Men on the like Occasions: But it was in vain he fwore he would as foon as poffible publickly confirm the Promife which he had made in fecret, it was in vain he called Heaven to witness his Oaths, he could not triumph over Leonora's Virtue; and Day being ready to appear forced him against his Will to de-

part.

The next Day the Duenna, believing her Honour, or rather her Interest, engaged not to abandon her Enterprize, said to Don Lewis's Daughter; Leonora, I don't know what to fay farther to you; I find you oppose the Count's Passion, as tho' it had no other Aim but than of a bare Gallantry: Have you not observ'd fomething in his Person that difgusts you? No, good Marcella, answered Leonora; on the contrary, he never appear'd so amiable, and his Discourse discovered new Charms to me. If fo, replied the Governante, I don't comprehend you: You

You are prepossessed with a violent Inclination for him, and yet refuse to yield to a thing, the Necessity of which has already been represented

to you.

My good Madam, reply'd Don Lewis's Daughter, you have more Prudence and Experience than I; but have you confider'd throughly the Consequences which may result from a Marriage contracted without my Father's Knowledge? Yes, yes, answered the Duenna, I have made all necessary Reflection on that, and am very forry to fee you fo obfitinately relift the glorious Settlement which Fortune presents you. Have a Care your Obduracy does not weary and difgust your Lover, and be afraid left he should east his Eyes on the Interest of his Fortune, which the Violence of his Passion has made him neglect. Since he offers to give you his Faith, accept it without farther Deliberation. His Word binds him; than which nothing is more facred to a Man of Honour. Befides,

I am a Witness that he acknowledges you for his Wife. Don't you know that such important Evidence as mine is sufficient to condemn, in a Court of Justice, that Lover which should dare to perjure himself?

It was by such Language as this that the perfidious Marcella shocked Leonora, who suffering all Reslections of the Danger that threatned her to wear off, in all Simplicity a few Days after abandoned herself to the Count's wicked Intentions. The Duenna introduced him every Night by the Balcony into his Mistress's Apartment, and let him out before Day.

One Night having warned him to depart somewhat later than ordinary, and Aurora beginning to break through the Darkness, he hastily endeavour'd to slide into the Street, but by Mischance succeeded so ill that he got a very severe Fall.

Don Lewis de Cespides, whose Bed-Chamber was under that of his Daughter, Daughter, happening that Morning to rife very early for the Dispatch of fome preffing Affairs, heard the Count's Fall, and opening his Window to see what was the Occasion of the Noise, perceived a Man just risen from the Ground with great Difficulty, and Marcella in his Daughter's Balcony busy in drawing up the filken Ladder, which the Count had not made so good use of in his descending as in his Ascent. Don Lewis rub'd his Eyes, and at first took this Spectacle for an Illufion; but after having confidered it, concluded that nothing was more real, and that the Day-light, imperfect as it yet was, did but too much discover his Disgrace.

Confused at the fatal Sight, and transported by a just Rage, he slew in his Night-gown to Leonora's Apartment, with a Sword in one Hand, and a Taper in the other. He went in quest of her and her Governante, in order to facrifice them both to his Resentment. He knock'd

at their Chamber-Door, and commanded them to open it; they knew his Voice, and trembling obeyed. He enter'd with a furious Air, and discovering his naked Sword to their amazed Eyes; I come, said he, to wash away with her Blood the infamous Affront that Wretch has thrown upon her Father, and at the same time punish the villainous Governance that has betray'd the

Trust I repos'd in her.

They both fell upon their Knees, and the Duenna began; Signior, faid she, before we receive the Chastisement which you have prepar'd, vouchsafe to hear us one moment. Well, Wretch, replyed the old Gentleman, I consent to suspend my Vengeance for a minute: Speak, inform me of all the Circumstances of my Misfortunes. But what do I talk of all the Circumstances? I know them all but one, and that is the Name of that rash Man, who has dishonour'd my Family. Signior, replyed Madam Marcella, the Count de

de Belflor is the Gentleman that hath done it. The Count de Belflor ! faid Don Lewis; where has he feen my Daughter? by what means has he seduced her? conceal nothing from me. Signior, replyed the Governante, I will repeat the whole Story to you with all the Sincerity I am capable of. She then, with an infinite deal of Art, recited all the Expressions which she had made Leonora believe the Count had utter'd with regard to her: She painted him in the most lively Colours of a tender, scrupulous, and sincere Lover. But not being able to elude the Difcovery of the whole Truth, the was oblig'd to tell it; but enlarg'd on the Reasons that prevailed with them to conceal from him the secret Marriage, and gave them such an acceptable Turn, as appeas'd Don Lewis's Rage. Which the perfectly discerning, in order to compleatly soften the old Man; Signior, said she, this is what you defired to know: Punish us this minute; plunge your Sword

Sword in Leonora's Breaft. But what do I fay? Leonora is innocent; the has only follow'd the Counfel of a Woman whom you intrufted with her Conduct, wherefore 'tis me alone against whom your Sword should point. 'Tis I that have introduced the Count into your Daughter's Apartment, and I alone have ty'd the Knot wherewith she is bound. 'Tis I who have wink'd at all Irregularities in a Contract that was not back'd by your Authority, in order to fecure you a Son-in-Law whose Interest you know is the Channel thro' which all Court Favours at present pass. I had no other Aim than Leonora's Happiness, and the Advantage your Family may reap by fuch an important Alliance; and indeed nothing less than an Excess of Zeal to serve your House could draw me into measures, that carry with them such an Appearance of Treachery.

While the subtle Marcella was thus cajoling the old Gentleman, her Mi-

Arels

h

stress spared no Tears, but discover'd fuch a sensible Grief as he could not resist. He grew tender, his Rage turned into Compassion, he dropt his Sword, and quitting the Air of an angry Father; Ah my Daughter ! faid he with Tears in his Eyes, what a fatal Passion is Love! Alas, you are not sensible of all the Reasons you have to afflict yourfelf. The Shame alone that must result from the Prefence of a Father who has surpriz'd you, must unavoidably draw Tears from you; befides which, you don't yet foresee all the Anxieties your Lover may perhaps prepare for you. And you imprudent Marcella, to what a Precipice has your indifcreet Zeal for my Family brought you? I acknowledge that fuch a confiderable Alliance as that of the Count might dazle your Eyes, and it is that alone which excuses you to me: But, Wretch that you are, ought you not to have distrusted a Lover of his high Quality? The more Interest and Favour he can pretend to, the VOL. I. more

d

y

15

more you ought to have guarded yourself against him. Should he make no Scruple of breaking his Faith with Leonora, what Course can I take? If I implore the Affiftance of the Laws, a Person of his Character would easily be able to shelter himself from their Severity: And I wish that, continuing just to his Oaths, he prove willing to keep his Word with my Daughter; for if the King, as you fay, defigns to oblige him to marry another Lady, 'tis much to be fear'd his Majesty will force him to it by Vertue of his Prerogative. O Sir, interrupted Leonora, that ought not to alarm you; the Count has very well affur'd us, that the King will not commit fuch a violence on his Passion. I am perswaded, said Marcella, his Majesty is too fond of his Favourite to exercise such a Tyranny over him, and also that he is too generous to plunge into a fatal Grief Don Lewis de Cespides, who has spent all his best Days in the Service of the Publick. Pray

I

is

10

115

ty

ot ed

u;

us, ch

er-

fty

exim,

to

wis

eft

k.

ray

Pray Heav'n it prove so, replyed the old Gentleman fighing, and that my Fears prove vain! I will go to the Count, and defire him to explain this Affair. A Father's Eyes are piercing, and I shall discover the deepest Recesses of his Soul. If I find him in the Disposition which I wish, I will pardon what is past; but, adds he in a more resolute Tone, if by his Discourse I discover a perfidious Heart, you shall both with Tears bewail your Imprudence in a melancholy Retirement the Remainder of your Days. At these Words he put up his Sword, and leaving them to the frightful Thoughts he had raised in them, returned to his Apartment to dress.

In this Part of the Story Ajmodeo was thus interrupted by the Scholar; However affecting the Story you are telling me may be, some thing I have my Eyes upon, prevents my hearing you so attentively as I could wish. I see a very genteel Woman between a young and an old Man, they

F 2 are

are all three I suppose drinking exquisite Liquors, and whilst the fond Dotard is embracing her, the Baggage flips her Hand behind him, into that of a young Cavalier, who to be fure is the Spark. Quite the contrary, answer'd the Gripple, it is her Husband, and the other her Lover. The old Man is a Person of consequence, a Commander of the Military Order of Calatrava, and is ruining himself for that Lady, whose Husband has a small Post at Court; she caresses her old Lover for Interest, and is false to him, in favour of her Husband, by Inclination. It is a fine Picture, replyed Zambullo: But is not the Husband a Frenchman? No, answer'd the Devil, he is a Spaniard. Oh then, the good City of Madrid has within its Walls good-natur'd Husbands too? But they do not swarm here, as they do at Paris, which without dispute is the most fruitful City in the World in such Inhabitants. Pardon me, Signior Asmodeo, said Don Cleofas,

Chap. V. upon Two Sticks.

IOL

fas, for breaking in upon the thread of Leonora's Story. Go on with it, I beg you, for it pleases me infinitely: There is such an artful Variety in the seducing this young Lady that I am transported with it.



CHAP. V.

The Continuation and Conclusion of the History of the Count and Leonora.

ON Lewis went early to the Count, who not suspecting he was discover'd, was surpriz'd with this Visit. He stept forward to meet him at his Entrance, and after having stifled him with Embraces, How great is my Joy, said he, to see Don Lewis here? doth he come to offer me an Opportunity of ferving him? My Lord, answered Don Lewis, order, if you please, that we be alone.

Belflor accordingly did fo, and they both sate down, when the old Man

e

10

n

0-

25,

thus

thus began: My Lord, said he, my Honour and Repose require an Explanation, which I come to ask of you: I saw you this Morning go out of Leonora's Apartment; she has confess'd all, she has told me-She has told you that I love her, interrupted the Count, to avoid a Difcourse which he was not fond of hearing: But she has but feebly expressed all that I feel for her. I am enchanted; she is a Lady all over adorable; she has Wit, Beauty, Virtue; no Perfection is wanting. have been told that you have a Son at the University of Alcala; is he like his Sister? If he hath her Beauty, and resemble you in other Excellencies, he must be a compleat Gentleman. I die with Defire to fee him, and offer you all my Interest to serve him.

I am indebted to you for that Offer, said Don Lewis gravely; but to come to—He ought to be enter'd in the Service immediately, interrupted the Count again; I charge my self felf with the Care of his Fortune; I affure you he shall not wait among st the Crowd of Officers. Answer me, Count, replyed the old Gentleman hastily, and leave off your Interruption. Do you defign to keep your Promise - Yes, without doubt, interrupted Belflor the third time; I will keep my Word which I have given you to stand by your Son with all my Interest; depend upon me, I am a fincere Man. 'Tis too much, cry'd Cespides, rising up, after having seduced my Daughter, that you dare infult me; but know, I am a Gentleman, and the Injury you have done me shall not remain unpunished. At these Words he returned home with a Heart full of Resentment, contriving a hundred Projects to compass his Revenge. As soon as he was got home, he told Leonora and Marcella very angrily, It was not without ground that I suspected the Count; he is a Traitor, on whom I will be revenged: And as for you two, you shall to-morrow be entered ed in a Convent; you have nothing to do but prepare your selves, and thank Heaven my Rage contents itfelf with that Chastisement. He then went and locked himself up in his Closet, to deliberate what Course to take in such a nice Conjuncture.

How great was Leonora's Grief when she heard Belflor was perfidious! She remain'd some time without Motion; a mortal Paleness covered her Face, her Spirits fled, and she fell motionless into the Arms of her Governante; who fearing she would then die, ufed all her Endeavours to get her out of this Fit: They succeeded, and Leonora reassuming the Use of her Senses, and seeing her Governante very officiously helping her, How barbarous are you! faid she with a deep Sigh; why did you force me out of the happy State in which I was? I was not then fenfible of the Horror of my Fate. Why did you not let me die? You, who well know all the tormenting Griefs which must disturb the Repose of Chap. V. upon Two Sticks. 105 my Life, wherefore did you keep me alive?

Marcella endeavour'd to comfort her; but that only encreased her Torment. All your Talk is superfluous, cryed Don Lewis's Daughter; I will hear nothing. Don't lose your time in attempting to abate my Despair, you ought rather to raise it. You, who have plunged me into the Abyss of Misery in which I now am: 'Tis you who vouched for the Count's Sincerity; without you I had never yielded myself to my Inclinations for him, which I should infenfibly have conquered, or however at least he would never have been able to have gain'd the least Advantage over me. But I will not, continued she, charge my Misery on you, I accuse no body but myfelf. I ought not to have followed your Advice in the Acceptation of a Man's Faith, without consulting my Father. How dazling foever the Count's Address might appear to me, I ought to have despised rather

ther than complimented it at the Expence of my Honour: In short, I ought to have distrusted him, you, and myself. Since I have been so weak as to yield to his persidious Oaths, after the Affliction which I have brought upon Don Lewis, and the Dishonour I have done my Family, I hate myself; and am so far from fearing the Retirement with which I am threatned, that I am sond of hiding my Shame in the most dismal Retreat in the World.

These passionate Words were not only accompany'd with abundance of Tears, but she withal tore her Cloaths in Pieces, and revenged the Injustice of her Lover on her beautiful Hair. The Duenna, to suit herself to her Mistress's Grief, did not spair for Grimaces and distorted Faces. She dropp'd some of those Tears she had always at command; she imprecated a thousand Curses on Mankind in general, and the Count in particular. Is it possible, exclaimed she, that Belstor, who seem'd so full

full of Justice and Probity, should prove such a Villain as to deceive us both! I cannot extricate myself out of this Surprize, or rather, I cannot yet persuade myself that it is so.

Really, faid Leonora, when I fancy him at my Knees, what Maiden would not have trusted his tender engaging Air, and depended on those Oaths which he fo audaciously invok'd Heaven to witness, and those Tranfports which he incessantly repeated? Besides, his Eyes discover'd more Love than his Mouth express'd, and the very Sight of me feem'd to charm him. No, he did not deceive me; I can't think it. My Father must not have talk'd with him so discreetly as he ought; they both grew warm, and the Count answered less like a Lover than a great Lord. But alas perhaps I flatter myself! What shall I do to extricate myself out of this Uncertainty? I will write to Belflor, and tell him that I expect him here this Night: I am resolved he shall either secure my alarm'd Heart or confirm his Treachery.

Marcella applauded the Defign, and was not herself without hope that the Count, ambitious as he was, yet touched by Leonora's Tears, might fall from his Resolution in this Interview, and determine to marry her.

In the mean while, Belflor having rid himself of honest Don Lewis, continued in his Apartment, reflecting on the Consequences which might refult from the Reception he had just given him. He firmly concluded that the whole Family of the Cespides, enraged at the Injury done to their House, would study Revenge; but that did not much disturb him: The Interest of his Love much more employ'd his Thoughts. He imagined that Leonora would be put into a Convent, or at least that she would be kept so strictly watched, that in all Probability he should never see her more. This Thought afflicted him, and he was contriving how to escape this Misfortune, when his Valet de Chambre brought

morning of a situated

Am to-morrow to quit the World, and in a solitary Retirement bave the Horror of seeing myself dishonoured, odious to my Family and myself; this is the deplorable Condition to which I am reduced by believing you. I expect you once more this Night. In my Despair I hunt after new Torments: Come and own to me that your Heart had no part in any of the Oaths which your Lips swore to me, or justify their Sincerity by a Conduct which alone can Soften the Rigour of my Fate. Perhaps this Meeting may be attended with some Danger, after what has passed betwixt you and my Father; take Care therefore that you be accompanyed by a Friend. Though you have occasioned all the Miseries of my Life, I yet feel myself concerned for yours.

LEONERA.

The

The Count read this Letter twice or thrice over, and representing Leonora in the Condition which she describ'd, he melted into Compasfion. He seriously reflected on what he had done; Justice, Probity and Honour, all the Laws of which his Paffion had hurried him on to the Violation of, began to resume their Empire over him. He suddenly found his Blindness dissipated, and like a Man just got out of a violent Fever, blush'd at the extravagant Words and Actions which had efcap'd him; he was asham'd of all the base Artifices he had us'd to satisfy his Defires.

Wretch that I am, cry'd he, what have I done? What Devil posses'd me? I promis'd to marry Leonora; I call'd Heaven to witness it; I feign'd that the King propos'd a Match to me: I have made use of Lies, Persidiousness and Sacrilege to corrupt her Innocence; what Madness has seiz'd me? How much better had it become me to have sup-

press'd

press'd my Passion, instead of satisfying it in so criminal a manner? I have seduced an innocent Lady, and now abandon her to the Resentments of her Relations, whom I have equally dishonour'd, and so return the Happiness she has conferr'd on me with a load of Miferies. Ah, how barbarous is fuch Ingratitude! Ought I not rather to repair the Difgrace and Infamy I have done her? Yes, I ought; and I will, by marrying her, discharge the Promise I made her. Who is there can oppose so just an Intention? Ought her Tenderness to me to prejudice me against her Virtue? No: I know how much her Resistance cost me to conquer it; and she rather yielded to my sworn Faith, than my amorous Transports. - But on the other fide, if I confine my felf to this Choice I shall be a considerable Sufferer. I, who may pretend to the noblest and richest Heiresses in the Kingdom, shall I content my self with a private Gentleman's DaughDaughter of a moderate Fortune? What will the Court think of me? They will fay I have marry'd very

ridiculoufly.

Belflor, thus divided betwixt Love and Ambition, did not know to which to incline: But tho' he was not yet resolv'd whether he should marry Leonora or not, he yet determin'd to go to her that Evening.

Don Lewis, on the other side, pass'd the Day in contriving the Restoration of his Honour. The Conjuncture was very nice; to have Recourse to the Laws was to publish his Dishonour; besides, he very much fear'd that Justice might be on one side, and the Judges declare on the other. He durst not throw himself at the King's Feet; for believing that Prince design'd to marry the Count, he was afraid it would be in vain. No Satisfaction was then lest besides that of Arms, and it was this he concluded on.

In the Heat of his Resentment he was tempted to send a Challenge;

but

but beginning to confider that he was too old and feeble to rely on his own Arm, he chose rather to put it into the Hands of his Son, whose Pushes might prove more fortunate and successful. He then sent a Footman to Alcala, with a Letter for his Son; by which he commanded him to come immediately to Madrid, to revenge an Injury done to the Family of Cespides.

Den Pedro, his Son, is eighteen Years of Age, perfectly handfome, and so brave, that he passes
at Alcala for the most valiant of
all the Scholars in that University; but you know him, adds the
Devil, and therefore 'tis needless in
me to enlarge farther on his Character. It is true, said Cleofas, he
has all the Valour and Merit which is
possible to centre in a young Man.

He was not then at Alcala, as his Father suppos'd, reply'd Asmodeo; but the Desire of seeing a Lady which he lov'd had brought him to Madrid. The last time he

had

been there to see his Relations, he made this Conquest at the Prado. He did not yet know her Name; for she had oblig'd him not to use any means to inform himself; to which cruel Necessity he submitted, tho' with great Difficulty. It was a Woman of Quality, who had conceiv'd a Passion for him, and believing she ought to distrust the Discretion and Constancy of a Scholar, she thought sit to try him before she discover'd herself.

This unknown Fair took up more of his Thoughts than Aristotle's Philosophy; and Alcala being situate so near this City, he, as you have done, often play'd Truant; with this only Difference, that it was for the sake of an Object which deserv'd much better than your Donna Thomasa. To conceal the Knowledge of his amorous Journey from Don Lewis, his Father, he us'd to lodge at an Inn in the Suburbs, where he carefully shelter'd himself under a borrow'd Name. He never went out but at

when he was oblig'd to go to a House where the Lady, which occasion'd this Neglect of his Studies, was so kind as to come, accompany'd by a Chamber-maid. He then liv'd lock'd up in his Inn the rest of the Day; but in requital, at Night

he walk'd all over the City.

It happen'd one Night as he cros'd a By-Street, he heard the Sound of feveral Voices, and Instruments which feem'd worth his Attention: whereupon he stopp'd, and found it to be a Serenade given by a Gentleman that was drunk, and natu-rally very brutishly rude. He had no sooner discern'd our Scholar, but he immediately ran to him, and without any other Compliment; Friend, faid he, in a hafty Tone, go about your Business, I don't love inquisitive People. I might have withdrawn, answer'd Don Pedro shock'd at these Words, if you had desir'd me in a civiller manner; but I will stay to teach you better Language. We'll

We'll see then, said the Master of the Consort, drawing his Sword, which of us two shall yield the

Place to the other.

Don Pedro also pull'd out his Sword, and they began to engage. Tho' the Master of the Serenade acquitted himself with great Dexterity, he could not yet parry a mortal Thrust, upon the Receipt of which he fell dead on the Spot. All the Actors of the Confort, who had by this time quitted their Mufick, and were drawing their Swords to affift him, now came on to revenge his Death. They all at once fell upon Don Pedro, who on this occasion shew'd his utmost Skill; for befides parrying with a surprizing dexterity all the Passes made at him, he himself made very vigorous ones, and at once kept all his Enemies employ'd.

But they so obstinately persisting, and their Number being too great, as able a Fencer as he was, he could not have escap'd alive, if the Count

de

de Belflor, who then pass'd by, had not taken his Part. The Count wanting neither Courage nor a large share of Generosity, could not see so many Swords drawn upon one Man, without engaging himself on his side. He drew, and joining with Don Pedro, he push'd so briskly at the Serenaders that they all sled, some wounded, and others for fear of being so.

After their Retreat, the Scholar began to thank the Count for his Assistance; but Belstor interrupting him: No more of that, said he, are you not wounded? No, reply'd Don Pedro. Let's get from this Place, reply'd the Count, I see you have kill'd a Man; 'tis dangerous to stay longer in this Street; you may perhaps be seiz'd. Upon which they immediately making the best of their Way, got into another Street; and when they were advanced a good distance from the Place where they fought, they stopped.

Don

Don Pedro, very fenfibly influenced by just and grateful Sentiments, entreated the Count not to conceal from him the Name of a Gentleman to whom he was fo much oblig'd. Belflor made no scruple of telling it, and also defir'd to know his. But the Scholar, unwilling to discover himself, said his Name was Don Juan de Matos, and affured the Count that he would never forget what he had done for him.

I would willingly, faid the Count, present you with an Opportunity of discharging your Obligation to me this very Night. I am engaged to a Meeting not wholly free from Danger, and was going in fearch of a Friend to accompany me. I am sensible of your Valour, and therefore Don Juan, I desire your Friendship. Your seeming to doubt it renders me somewhat uneasie, reply'd the Scholar; I don't know how to employ the Life which you have faved, better than in exposing it for you. Let's make haste: I am ready

ready to follow you. Belflor then conducted Don Pedro to Don Lewis's House, and by the Balcony they both enter'd Leonora's Apartment.

Don Cleofas interrupted the Devil here; Signior Asmodeo, said he, how was it possible Don Pedro should not know his Father's House? That was impossible, reply'd the Damon, for Don Lewis had not remov'd to this House above eight Days; which I design'd to have told you, had not you interrupted me. You are too hasty, and have gotten an ill Custom of breaking the Thread of other People's Discourse. Pray correct that Fault for the suture.

Don Pedro, continu'd the Devil, did not so much as suspect that he was at his Father's House, nor thought she who introduced him was Madam Marcella, by reason she receiv'd him in the Dark in an Anti-Chamber; where Belstor entreated his Companion to stay as long as he should remain with the Lady: To which the Scholar consented,

and sate down with his naked Sword in his Hand for sear of a Surprize. His Thoughts were taken up with the Favours which he concluded Love was showering on Belstor, and wish'd himself as happy as he; for tho' he was not ill-treated by his unknown Mistress, she had not yet all the Tenderness for him which

Leonora had for the Count.

Whilst he was making all the Reflections on this Adventure that could possibly occur to the Mind of a pasfionate Lover, he heard a Person foftly endeavouring to open another Door besides that of the Lovers, and discern'd a glimmering Light through the Key-hole. He hastily arose, made towards the Door that open'd, and presented the Point of his naked Sword to the Breast of his Father, for it was he who was going to Leonora's Apartment, to fee whether the Count was not there. The good old Gentleman did not believe, after what had pass'd, that his Daughter and Marcella would again

21

Y

again venture to admit him, which alone prevented his lodging them in another Apartment. But yet he was apt to think, that before their Entrance in the Convent on the Morrow, they might be willing to take their last Leave.

Whoever thou art, said the Scholar, don't enter this Room, on Peril of thy Life. At these Words Don Lewis look'd at Don Pedro, whose Eyes were fix'd on him with equal Attention; fo that they foon knew each other. Ah my Son, faid the old Gentleman, with what Impatience have I expected you! why did not you advertise me of your Arrival? Were you afraid of breaking my Rest? Alas! I am incapable of any Repose in the miserable Condition in which I at present am. Oh my Father, said Don Pedro all in Confusion, is it you that I see? are not my Eyes deceiv'd by a false Likeness? Whence proceeds this Surprize? reply'd Don Lewis: Are you not at your Father's House? VOL. I. Did

Did I not acquaint you by my Letter, that eight Days since I remov'd hither? Just Heav'n, reply'd the Scholar, what do I hear? I am then at present in my Sister's Apartment.

At these Words, the Count, who had heard the Noise, and suppos'd that his Guard was attack'd, came out of Leonora's Chamber with his Sword in his Hand. The old Gentleman, distracted at this fight, and shewing him to his Son, cryed out, That is the audacious Villain who has robbed me of my Rest, and cast a fatal Stain upon the Honour of our House; let us then revenge our selves, let us instantly punish the These Words were no Traitor. fooner out of his Mouth than he drew the Sword he had under his Night-gown, and began to attack the Count; but Don Pedro restrain'd Stay, Father, faid he, I beg you to moderate the Transports of your Rage. What do you mean, my Son? answer'd the old Man: Why do you hold my Arm? You doubtless

doubtless think 'tis too weak to revenge us. Well then, take Satisfaction your self for the Affront given to our Family, which is the only Reason why I sent for you to Madrid. If you fall, I will second you: The Count must perish by our Hands, or take away both our Lives, after having robb'd us of our Honour.

Father, reply'd Don Pedro, I cannot yield to what your Impatience expects of me. I am so very far from attempting the Count's Life, that I came hither to defend it; my Word is pass'd for it, and my Honour demands it. Let's then retire, my Lord, continued he, addressing himself to Belflor. Hah! base Wretch, interrupted Don Lewis, looking on Don Pedro with a very angry Air, dost thou thy self oppose the Execution of a Vengeance wherein all thy Force ought to have been employ'd? My Son, my own Son, corresponds with the perfidious Wretch that has seduced my Daughter: But don't think G 2

to escape my Resentment; I will call up all my Domesticks, who shall revenge me of his Treachery

and your Cowardice.

Sir, reply'd Don Pedro, be juster to your Son, and don't call him Coward, for he never deferv'd that hateful Name. The Count has fav'd my Life this Night. He propos'd my going with him, whither I did not know, but on a certain Appointment: I offer'd to share the Dangers he might encounter, without ever suspecting that my Gratitude would imprudently engage my Arm against the Honour of my Family. My Word then obliges me to defend his Life here; and in fo doing I shall discharge it : Not that I am less sensibly touch'd with the Injury he has done our Family; and to-morrow you shall see me as eager to fhed his Blood, as you now fee me zealous in the Preservation of his Life.

The Count who had hitherto remain'd filent, being throughly struck with the amazing Circumstances

cumstances of this Adventure, now spoke. Perhaps, said he, addresfing himself to Don Pedro, you may meet with but indifferent Succels, in revenging this Injury by force of Arms: I will offer you a furer way of re-establishing your Honour. I freely own to you, that to this day I never defign'd to marry Leonora; but I this Morning receiv'd a Letter from her, wherewith I was fenfibly touch'd; her Tears have just compleated the Work, and the Happinels of being her Husband is at present the utmost of my Desires. If the King designs you another Wife, said Don Lewis, how will you dispense with ---- The King never propos'd any Match to me, interrupted Belflor blushing: Pray pardon that Fiction in a Man, whose Reason was overpower'd by Love. 'Tis a Crime which the Violence of my Passion hurry'd me on to commit, and which I expiate by confessing it.

3 M

My Lord, reply'd the old Gentleman, after an Acknowledgment fo suitable to a great Mind, I no longer doubt your Sincerity: I fee you are resolved effectually to repair the Injury we have received, and my Anger yields to the Affurances you have given me; permit me then to forget my Resentment in your Arms. At these Words he ran to the Count, who flew to prevent him: Theymutually embraced feveral times; and Belflor turning himself to Don Pedro, And you, the counterfeit Don Juan, said he, you who have gain'd my Esteem by an unparallel'd Valour and a noble Mind, allow me to vow a fincere fraternal Friendship to you. At these Words he embraced Don Pedro, who receiving his Caresses with a submissive and respectful Air, thus answered him: My Lord, in promising me such avaluable Friendship, you engage mine, and I entreat that you would always conlude me one who will continue devoted to you to the end of my Life. In

In the mean while Leonora, who was listening all the time at the Chamber-door, did not lose one Word of all they said. She was at first tempted to throw herfelf in the middle of the Swords, without knowing why; but Marcella prevented her: And when that dextrous Duenna perceived all things likely to end so amicably, she concluded that her Presence and that of her Mistress would not prejudice the Accommodation: whereupon they both appeared with their Handkerchiefs in their Hands, and weeping ran to prostrate themselves at Don Lewis's Feet. They fear'd, and not without Reason, after their being furprized last Night, that the old Gentleman's Anger might return : But raifing Leonora, he said, Daughter, dry up your Tears, I will not blame you any more; fince your Lover is resolv'd to keep the Faith which he has sworn to you, I yield to forget what is past.

Yes, Don Lewis, said the Count, I will marry Leonora; and yet more effectually G 4

effectually to repair the Injury I have done you, to give you an entire Satisfaction, and your Son a Pledge of my Friendship for him, I offer him my Sister Eugenia. Ah, my Lord, cryed Don Lewis in a Rapture, how sensible am I of the Honour you do my Son? What Father was ever happier? You now shower as much Joy on me, as before you

loaded me with Sorrow.

Tho'the old Man was charmed with the Count's Offer, yet Don Pedro was not: Being wholly taken up with the Thought of his unknown Lady, he was so disturbed and confused that he could not say one Word. But Belflor, without regarding his Trouble, departed; telling them he would order all the necessary Preparations to be made for this double Union, and affuring them that he was impatient 'till he was fixed to them by those strict Bonds.

After his Departure Don Lewis left Leonora in her Apartment, and went into his own with Don Pedro, who with

with all the Frankness of a young Scholar faid, Sir, I beg you would dispense with my marrying the Count's Sifter; 'Tis enough that he marry Leonova; that will be fufficient to retrieve the Honour of our Family. What, Son! replyed the old Man; can you refuse the Count's Sifter? Yes, Father, replyed Don Pedro; that Union, I own, would prove a cruel Torment to me, the Cause of which I will not conceal, It is now fix Months fince I love, or rather adore a charming Lady; the admits me, and the alone can render my Life happy.

How miserable is the State of a Father I said Don Lewis; he scarce ever finds his Children disposed to what he desires. But who then is this Lady that has made such violent Impressions on you? I don't yet know, answered Don Pedro; she has promised to inform me, when she shall be fully satisfy'd of my Differetion and Constancy, nor do I

G s doubt

considerable Families in Spain.

And do you fancy, replyed the old Man, changing his Tone, that I will be fo complaifant as to approve your Romantick Love? I shall suffer you to quit the most glorious Establishment that Fortune can ever offer you, to keep you constant to a Person of whom you don't know fo much as the Name! Stiffe rather these Sentiments for an Object, which perhaps may be unworthy of them, and think of nothing but deserving the Honour which the Count is doing you. All these Discourses are in vain, Father, replyed the Scholar; I feel it impossible for me ever to forget my unknown Fair; nothing can disengage me from her: Should the Infanta be offer'd me-Hold, cryed the Father hastily; 'tis too insolent to boast a Constancy which raises my Anger. Be gone, and never let me see you again, 'till you are refolved to obey me. Don

Don Pedro durst not reply to these Words, for fear of drawing on something more severe. He retired to his Chamber, where he passed the rest of the Night in Reflections equally melancholy and agreeable. He confidered with Grief that he was going to break with all his Family, by refuling to marry the Count's Sister. But he was perfectly comforted when he represented to himself how his unknown Lady must value him for fuch a Sacrifice. He flattered himfelf, that after such a shining Proof of his Fidelity, she would not fail to discover her Quality, which he imagined little inferior to that of Eugenia.

With these Hopes, as soon as it was Day, he went to take a Walk in the Prado, expecting the appointed Hour to go to the Apartment of Donna Juana; for that was the Name of the Lady in whose Lodgings he used to meet his Mistress every Morning. He waited the happy Moment with great

Impati-

Impatience, and when it was come, flew to the Place of Rendezvous.

He found his unknown Charmer already come thither sooner than ordinary; but touched with such a sensible Grief, as express'd itself to Donna Juana in showers of Tears. A dismal Spectacle for her Lover! All in Confusion he approached her, and slinging himself at her Knees: Madam, said he, what must I think of the Condition in which I see you? Doubtless, answered she, you don't expect the fatal Blow which I bring you. Cruel Fortune is separating us for ever, and we are never to see each other more.

She accompanyed these Words with so many Sighs, that I don't know whether Don Pedro was more touched with what she said, or the Grief she discovered in the Utterance of it. Just Heaven, cryed he, with an Excess of Rage which he could not restrain, is it possible for you to suffer the breaking of an Union, the Innocence of which you know! But Madam,

Madam, adds he, perhaps you have taken a false Alarm. Is it certainly true that you will be torn from the most faithful Lover that ever was? Must I really be the most miserable of all Men? Our ill Fate is but too fure, answered the unknown Fair. My Brother, on whom I depend, will marry me this Day, as he has just this Minute declared to me. Ah! who is that happy Bridegroom? very hastily replyed Don Pedro, name him to me, Madam: I will, in my Despair-I don't yet know his Name, interrupted the Lady; my Brother would not acquaint me with ir. He told me that he defir'd I should first fee the Gentleman.

But Madam, said Den Pedro, will you submit to a Brother's Will without Resistance! Will you suffer yourself to be dragged to the Altar, without complaining of the Cruelty of the Sacrifice? Will you make no Attempts in my Favour? Alas, I was not afraid of exposing myself to my Father's Rage, to reserve myself entirely

tirely yours! His Threats could not shock my Fidelity; and with what Rigour soever he may treat me, I will not marry the Lady he pro-poses, tho' the Match is very ad-vantageous. And who is this Lady? faid the unknown Beauty. 'Tis the Count de Belflor's Sister, replyed the Scholar. Ah, Don Pedro, replyed the, discovering an extream Surprize, you doubtless mistake; you are not fure of what you fay! Is it really Eugenia de Belflor who is propos'd to you?

Yes, Madam, replyed Don Pedro, the Count himself made me the Offer. How, cryed she, is it possible that you should be the Cavalier for whom my Brother defigns me? What do I hear, cryed Don Pedro in his turn, is my unknown Angel then Eugenia de Belflor? Yes, Don Pedro, replyed she, but I scarce believe myself this Moment to be any longer fo; so hard is it for me to persuade myself of the Reality of the Happiness

of which you affure me.

At these Words Don Pedro embraced her Knees, seized one of her Hands with all the Raptures that aLover fuddenly removed from the Extremities of Pain to an Excess of Joy could possibly feel. Whilst he thus abandoned himself to the Motions of his Love, Eugenia on her part gave him a thousand Proofs of her Affection, which she accompanyed with tender engaging Expressions: What wracking Pains, faid she, would my Brother have spared me, had he but named the Husband he designed me? what an Aversion had I already conceived for my Spouse? Ah, my dear Don Pedro, how much did I hate you? Bright Eugenia, answered he, how charming is that Hatred to me? I will deserve it by adoring you all my Life.

After these two Lovers had given each other all the most moving Signs of their mutual Tenderness, Eugenia desired to know how the Scholar could gain her Brother's Friendship. Don Pedro did not conceal from her the Amours of

the

the Count and his Sister, but related to her all that passed the last Night. She was infinitely pleased to hear that her Brother was to marry her Lover's Sister; and Donna Juana had too great a share in her Priend's Fate, not to be touched with this happy Event. She testified her Joy to her as well as to Don Pedro, who at last lest Eugenia, after their having mutually resolved not to seem to know one another when they appear'd before the Count.

Don Pedro return'd to his Father, who finding him perfectly dispos'd to Obedience, was the better pleased, because he ascribed it to his absolute manner of deporting himself towards his Son the last Night. They were expecting News from the Count the very Minute they received a Letter from him, which advised them that he had just obtained the King's Consent to his Marriage, and that of his Sister, with the Addition of a considerable Post for Don Pedro; that on the Morrow both

both Nuptials might be celebrated, his Orders having been so diligently executed, that all the Preparations were already far advanced. He came in the Asternoon to confirm what he had written, and to present Eugenia to 'em.

Don Lewis shewed that Lady all imaginable Civilities, and Leonora did not neglect tenderly embracing her. As for Don Pedro, by whatsoever Motions of Love and Joy agitated, he yet sufficiently restrained himself, to avoid the Count's having any Suspicion of

their former Correspondence.

Belflor particularly applying himself to observe his Sister, thought he discovered, notwithstanding the Constraint she imposed on herself, that she did not dislike Don Pedro. But the better to assure himself of the Truth of his Conjecture, he took her aside for a moment, and made her own that she was extremely well pleased with her Cavalier. He then told her his Name and Family, which he before concealed, lest the Inequality

equality of their Conditions should have prejudiced her against him; all this she pretended to hear, as tho ut-

terly ignorant of it before.

At last, after the Exchange of a multitude of Civilities on both sides. it was resolved that the Wedding should be kept at Don Lewis's House; and the Nuptial Festivities are this Night acting, but not finished; and that is the Reason of the fo great Rejoycing in that House, in which all the Company unanimously joins, except Marcella, who has no share in it. She cries whilft the rest laugh; for the Count de Belflor, after his Marriage, confess'd the whole Story to Don Lewis, who has order'd her to be fent to the * Monasterio de los Arrepentidas, where the thousand Pistoles which she received to betray Leonora will serve her to do Penance the Remainder of her Life.

A Monastery in which lewd Women are shut up.

CHAP.

CLES SELECTION OF THE S

CHAP. VI.

Other Particulars which the Scholar faw, and the Manner of bis being revenged on Donna Thomasa.

ET us turn to the other side, Continued Asmodeo, and run over some new Objects. Cast your Eyes on the first House directly under us, where you will see something extraordinary. It is a Man considerably in Debt in a profound Sleep. He must then be some great Lord, said Leandro. You have guess'd right, answerd the Demon. It is a Marquis who has a hundred thoufand Ducats a year, and yet his Expences exceed his Income. His Table and his Mistresses run him over head and ears in Debt, and yet it does not break his Rest. On the contrary, when he has a mind to run in a Tradesman's Debt, he fancies

cies that he is obliging him extremely: It is with you, said he the other day to a Draper, it is with you I intend to deal upon Credit, and I

give you the Preference.

Whilst the Marquis is enjoying the Sweets of Repose, which he is robbing his Creditors of, observe that Man who—Stay, Signior Af-medeo, interrupted Don Cleofas hastily, I see a Coach in the Street, which I cannot let pass without asking you what is in it. Hush! said the Cripple, lowering his Voice as if he was afraid of being heard, you are to know there is in that Coach one of the gravest Persons of the Realm in Disguise. He is a President going to make merry with an old Afturian Lady, who is subservient to his Pleasures. That he may not be known, he has taken Caligula's Precaution, who on such another Occasion put on a Peruke to disguise himfelf.

Let us return to the Picture I was going to lay before you, when you interrupted Chap. VI. upon Tavo Sticks. terrupted me. Observe in the uppermost Part of the Marquis's Palace a Man very busy in his Closer. which is full of Books and Manuscripts. Perhaps, said Zambullo, it is the Marquis's Steward, who is taken up in contriving Means to pay his Master's Debts. Good, replyed the Devil; that must needs be what Stewards of fuch Families amuse themselves with. Their Business is rather to make an Advantage of the Diforder of their Master's Affairs, than extricate them out of it. So that it cannot be a Steward you fee there. No, it is an Author. The Marquis has lodged him in his Palace, to give himself an Air of encouraging Men of Letters. This Author then, replyed Don Cleofas, is a Man of some Note. You are to judge of that, answered the Demon; he is surrounded by a thousand Volumes, and is compiling one, in which there will not be a Line of his own. He pilfers from all those Books and Manuscripts, and tho' he only

142 The DEVIL Chap. VI.

only methodizes and connects his Thefts, yet he does not want a larger Share of Vanity than a real Author.

You do not know, continued the Spirit, who lives within three Doors of this Palace: It is la Chicena, whom I have already made fuch honourable mention of in the Story of Count de Belflor. Ah, how I am ravished at the Sight of her! said the Scholar. The good Woman, fo very serviceable to young People, is doubtless one of those two old Women which I see in that low Hall. The one is leaning with her Elbows on the Table, earnestly looking on the other, who is telling Money: which of the two is la Chicona? She, faid the Demon, leaning on her Elbows. The other is called la Pebrada, an honourable Lady of the same Occupation; they are Partners, and at this Moment dividing the Profits of an Adventure which they have just now brought to bear.

La Pebrada has the best Trade, and deals with several rich Widows,

Chap. VI. upon Two Sticks. to whom she carries her List to read every Day. What do you mean by her List? interrupted the Scholar: It is, replyed Asmodeo, a Catalogue of all the handsome Foreigners who come to Madrid, especially French. As foon as ever la Pebrada hears any fresh ones are arrived, she runs to their Inns, and slily informs herself of their Birth, Shape, Air, and Age. She then makes her Report to the Widows, who consider of it, and if they are so inclined, la Pebrada brings them to the Speech of the said Strangers.

This is not only very convenient, replyed Zambullo, but in a fort lawful, for without these good Ladies and their Agents, young Strangers, who have no Acquaintance here, would be obliged to the Expence of an infinite deal of Time to create some. But pray tell me, are there any of this sort of Widows and necessary Ladies in other Countries? A pretty Question indeed; whether there are? answer'd the Cripple. Do you doubt

Give your Attention a little to a Neighbour of la Chicona, that Printer at work alone in his Printing-House. He has sent his Servants to Bed these three Hours, and is going to spend the Night in printing a Book privately. How! what can it be then? faid Leandro. It is a Libel. answered the Demon, it proves that Religion is preferable to point of Honour; and that it is better to forgive than revenge an Affront. Ah Rascal, cryed the Scholar! he does well to print his infamous Book in private; nor would I advise the Author to own it, for I should be one of the first to cane him. Does Religion forbid the Preservation of our Honour?

Do not let us enter upon that Difpute, interrupted Asmodeo, with an ill-natur'd Smile: It seems you have improved well by the Lectures of Morality you have received at Alcala. I give you Joy of your Improvement. You may fay what you pleafe, interrupted Don Cleofas in his turn, but let the Author's Arguments be the most beautiful and clear that can be invented, I shall laugh at them: I am a Spaniard, and nothing in the World is so sweet to me as Revenge. And fince you have promifed to do me Justice on my persidious Mistres, I demand that you keep your Word.

I vield with Pleasure to the Transport that fires you, said the Devil: Oh, how I love those bold Spirits, who purfue all their Inclinations without scruple! I will this moment satisfy you, the time of your Vengeance is near at hand: But I would first shew you something that will divert you extremely. Carry your Eye beyond the Printinghouse, and take good Notice of what is doing in an Apartment hung with musk-colour'd Cloth. I fee five or fix Women, answer'd Leandio, crowding and preffing one ano-Volume de H) and 101 ther

ther to thrust Glass Bottles into the Hands of a fort of a Servant.

These are, replyed the Cripple, two devout Ladies, who have great Reason for their Uneasiness, for in that Apartment lies an Inquisitor fick. This venerable Person, who is about five and thirty, is not lodged in the Chamber where you feethose Women. Two of his favourite Penitents are watching with him: One is employed in making him Broths, and the other at his Bolster is keeping his Head warm, and covering his Stomach with a Stomacher made of fifty Lambs Skins. What is his Distemper then? said Zambullo: A little Cold in his Head, replyed the Devil; and 'tis to be fear'd the Rheum may fall on his Lungs.

The other Women you see in his Antichamber are also devout Ladies, who on the News of his Indisposition, run thither in all haste with Medicines: One of them has brought him for his Cough, Syrups of Ju-

jubes,

were

jubes, Marshmallows, Coral, and Coltsfoot: Another, to preserve his Reverence's Lungs, is laden with Syrups of Long-Life, Veronica, Immortality, and Elixis Proprietatis: Another, to fortify his Brain and Stomach, has brought Balm, Cinnamon, and Treacle-Water; besides the Divine Water, and Essences of Nutmegs and Ambergris: This comes to offer him Anacardine, and Bezoartic Confections; and That Tineture of Clove July-flowers, Coral, Milleflorum, the Sun, and Emeralds. All these Women are boasting the Efficacy of their Medicines to the Inquisitor's Footman; they take him aside one after another, and each of them clapping a Ducat in his Hand, thus whispers him in the Ear: Laurence, dear Laurence, I entreat you not to fail preferring my Medicines to all the reft.

Bless me! cry'd Don Cleofas, what happy Mortals are those Inquisitors! Indeed are they, replyed Asmodeo; I myself almost envy their Happines; and as Alexander once faid, That H 2

148 The DEVIL Chap. VI.

were he not Alexander, he could wish to be Diogenes: so I might well say, That, were I not a Devil, I would

be an Inquisitor.

Come Senior Scholar, added he, now let us go and punish the Ingrate who so ill returned your Tenderness. Upon which Zambullo took hold of the end of Asmodeo's Cloak, who cleft the Air a second time with him, and sat him down on Donna Thoma-

sa's House.

The Baggage was at Table with the four Bullies, who had purfued the Scholar over the Tyles; he trembled with outragious Refentment to fee them eat a Brace of Partridges and a Hare, and empty feveral Bottles of Wine, for which he had paid, and fent thither. To crown his Vexation, he faw there was nothing but Mirth going forward, and found by the demonstrations Donna Thomasa gave, that the Company of these Wretches was more agreeable to that abandoned Creature than his own. Ah Rascals, cryed he, enflamed with Rage,

Chap. VI. upon Two Sticks. 149

Rage, how deliciously they fare at my Expence, and a fine Mortifica-

tion this to me!

I confess, said the Devil, it is no very pleasant fight, but they who will frequent such loose Ladies must expect Adventures of this kind: they happen every Day in France to Abbés, Men of the long Robe, and rich Farmers of the Revenue. If I had a Sword, replyed Don Cleofas, I would break in upon those Villains, and spoil their Entertainment. You would be over-matched, replyed the Cripple; leave your Revenge to me, I will compass it better than you; I will this moment fet them together by the ears, by inspiring them with a lascivious flame, and they shall draw upon each other; you will see a fine Uproar prefently.

At these Words he blew, and out of his Mouth issued a violet-colour'd Vapour, that descended waving like a Squib, and spread itself over Donna Thomasa's Table: one of

H 3 the

the Guests immediately feeling the effect of this Blaft, drew near the Lady, and paffionately embraced her; but the others, pushed on by the force of the same Vapour, endeavoured to tear her from him. Each pretended to the preference, which they now began to dispute, and a jealous Rage possessed all their Minds; they came to Blows, drew their Swords, and began to engage very warmly. In the mean while Donna Thomasa shricked in a horrible manner, and the neighbourhood was immediately alarmed: they cryed out for the Officers of Justice to come, which they immediately did, broke open the Courtezan's doors, found two of the Ruffians dead on the spot, seized the rest and carried them to Prifon with Donna Thomasa, who crying and tearing her Hair lost all patience, whilst her Guards were not a iot more moved than Zambullo, who laughed very heartily with Asmodeo.

Well, said the Demon to the Scholar, are you satisfyed; No, replyed

Don Cleofas; if you would satisfy me entirely you must shew me the Prifon. What exquisite Pleasure it will be to me, to see that Wretch, who made a Jest of my Passion, shut up there. I find that I now hate her more than before I lov'd her. With all my heart, replyed the Devil, you shall always find me ready to oblige you, tho' it were even against my Inclination and Interest, so that it be for your good.

In a moment they reached the Prifon, where foon after the two Bullies
were brought, and clapped into a
dark Dungeon. As for Thomasa, she
was lodged on Straw, with three or
four loose Women who had been
taken up that day, and who on the morrow were to be transported to the
place appointed for such Cattle.

Now I am satisfyed, said Zambullo; I have had the pleasure of a full Revenge. My Friend Thomasa will not pass the Night so agreeably as she expected. Let us go and pursue our Observations where you please.

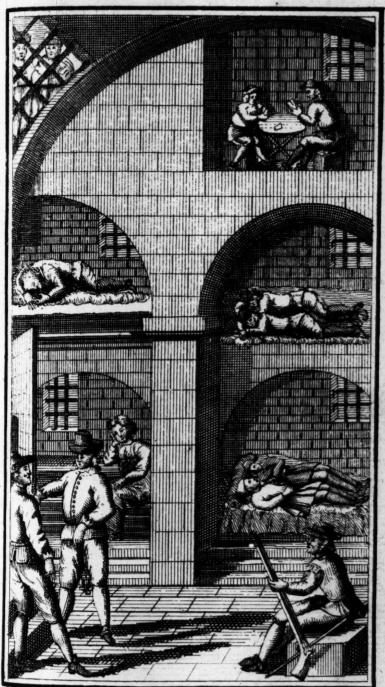
H 4 Th

152 The DEVIL Chap. VII.

This is a place very proper for them, answer'd the Spirit; there are herea great number of guilty and innocent People; and it is a retirement which begins the Punishments of the one, and purifies the Virtue of the others. I will shew you some of each kind, and tell you why they are kept in their Chains.

CHAP. VII. Of the PRISONERS.

BEFORE we enter into partiticulars, pray take notice of the
Goalers at the entrance into these
horrid places. The antient Poets
placed but one Cerberus at Hell
Gates, but here is a far greater number, as you see. These Goalers are
Villains who have lost all sentiments
of humanity. The wickedest of my
Brethren could hardly supply the
place of one. But I find, added he,
you



Vol 1. p. 152



you look with Horrour on these Rooms where all the Furniture is a wretched Bed, and those frightful Dungeons appear to you like so many Graves. It is with reason that you are astonish'd at the Misery of these places, and pity the Fate of those Wretches whom the Law detains in them. Yet they do not all deserve the same Compassion; their Merits therefore shall be the

Subject of our Examination.

First of all, in that large Chamber on the right, are four Men lying on those two wretched Beds you fee. One is a Vintner accus'd of poyloning a Stranger, who the other day dropp'd down dead in his House. It is pretended that the Quality of the Wine kill'd the Deceas'd, but the Vintner alledges it was the Quantity, and will be be-liev'd at his Tryal, for the Stranger was a German. And which of them are in the right, faid Don Cleofas, the Vintner or his Profecutors? The Affair is extremely delicate, answer'd Hr

the Devil. It is true the Wine was adulterated, but on my Conscience, the German had drank so largely that the Judges may safely set the Vint-

ner at liberty.

The fecond Prisoner is by Profession an Assissinator, one of those Cut-throats call'd * Valientes, who for four or five Pistoles are very ready to oblige such with the use of their Arm, that will be at the Expence to be privately rid of an Enemy. The third is a Fop of a Dancingmafter, who taught one of his Female Scholars a false Step. The Fourth is a Lover, caught by the Watch, as he was scaling the Balcony of a Woman of his Acquaintance whose Husband was absent? It is his own Fault he does not get out, by declaring his Design was purely amorous; but he chuses rather to pass for a Thief, and run the risque of his Life, than expose his Mistress's Honour.

A

^{*} Valientes in the Spanish signifies Braves or Russians.

Chap. VII. upon Two Sticks. 155

A very discreet Lover indeed, said the Scholar; it must be own'd that our Nation outdoes all others in point of Gallantry. I dare venture a Wager, that there is not a French Man in the World, for Example, that would suffer himself to be hang'd for his Discretion. No, I assure you, said the Devil, a French Man would sooner clamber over a Balcony to disgrace the Woman that should show him any Favour.

In the Closet next to those four Men, continu'd he, is a famous Witch, who has the Reputation of being able to do Impossibilities. By her Art, it is reported, old Widow-Ladies find Gallants that love them on the square: Husbands become just to their Wives, and Coquets really in Love with the rich Gallants that keep them. But nothing is more false; She is not Mistress of any other Secret, than that of perfuading the World she is so, and of living handsomly on that Opinion. This poor Creature the Inquifition

fition claims, and very probably she will be burnt at the first Auto de Fé.

Under the Closet there is a Dungeon, that serves for a Lodging to a young Vintner. What, my Host again? cry'd Leandro; sure these People have a mind to poison all the World. This Man's Case is not the same, reply'd Asmodeo; he was seis'd Yesterday, and is likewise claim'd by the Inquisition. I will in few Words relate you the Subject of his Commitment.

An old Soldier by his Courage, or rather Patience, having mounted to the post of a Serjeant in his Company, came to raise Recruits in this City. He enquir'd for a Lodging at an Inn, where he was answer'd, That they had empty Rooms, but that they could not recommend any of them to him, because the House was haunted every Night by a Spirit, which treated all Strangers very ill that were rash enough to lodge there. This did not at all baulk our Ser-

Chap. VII. upon Two Sticks. 157

Serjeant: Put me in what Chamber you please, said he, do but give me a Candle, Wine, Pipes and Tobacco, and as for the Spirit, never trouble your self about it; Ghosts have a respect for Men of War who

are grown old in their Arms.

As he seem'd so resolute, he was fhewn into a Chamber, where all that he defir'd was brought to him. He fell to drinking and smoaking 'till Midnight, and no Spirit had yet disturb'd the profound Silence that reign'd in the House; one would have imagin'd he fear'd this new Gueft; but betwixt one and two the Serjeant, all of a fudden, heard a terrible Noise, like the rattling of old Iron, and immediately faw entring his Chamber an Apparition, cloath'd in black, and laden all around with Iron Chains. Our Smoker, not in the least affrighted at this fight, drew his Sword, advanced towards the Spirit, and with the flat fide of it gave him a very fevere Blow on the Head.

The

158 The DEVIL Chap. VII.

The Apparition, not much us'd to meet with such bold Guests. cry'd out, and perceiving the Soldier going to begin again with him, he most humbly prostrated himself at his Feet; Mr. Serjeant, said he, for God's sake don't give me any more; but have Mercy on a poor Devil, that casts himself at your Feet. I conjure you by St. James, who, as you are, was a great Soldier. If you are willing to fave your Life, answer'd the Soldier, you must tell me who you are, and fpeak without the least Prevarication, or else this moment I cut you down the middle, as your Knights of old were us'd to serve the Giants they encountred. At these Words, the Ghost finding what fort of a Man he had to do with, resolv'd to own all.

I am the principal Servant of this Inn, reply'd the Spirit, my Name is Guillermo, I am in love with my Master's only Daughter, and she does not dislike me; but the Father

ther and Mother having a better Match in view than me, in order to prevent their making him their Son-in-law, the Girl and I have concluded that I shall, every Night, act the Part which I now do. I wrap my felf up in a long black Cloak, and hang the Jackchain about my Neck; thus equipt I run up and down the House, from the Cellar to the Garret, and make all the Noise which you have heard. When I am at my Master and Mistress's Chamber-door, I stop and cry out; Don't hope that I'll ever let you rest, 'till you marry Juanna to Guillermo your upper Drawer.

After having pronounced these words with a hoarse broken Voice, I continue my Noise, and at a Window enter the Closet, where Juanna lies alone, to give her an account of what I have done. Mr. Serjeant, continu'd Guillermo, you see I have told you the whole; I know that after this Confession you may ruin me by discovering it to my Master; but

but if you pleafe to ferve, instead of undoing me, I fwear that my Acknowledgements - Alas, what Service can I do thee ? interrupted the Soldier. You need no more, return'd Guillermo, than to fay to-morrow that you have feen the Spirit, that it to terribly affrighted you ---- How? terribly affrighted! interrupted the Soldier; would you have Serjeant Annibal Antonio Quebrantador own fuch a thing as Fear? I had rather ten thoufand Devils should - That is not absolutely necessary, interrupted Guillermo; and after all, it is not much matter what you fay, provided you fecond my Defign. And when I have marry'd Juanna and am fettled, I promise to treat you and all your Friends nobly for nothing every Day. You are a very tempting Perfon, Mr. Guillermo, faid the Soldier. You propose to me to support a Trick: 'Tis a serious Affair, which requires mature Deliberation; but the Consequences hurry me on. Go, conChap. VII. upon Two Sticks. 161 continue your Noise, give your Account to Juanna, and I'll take care of the rest.

Accordingly next Morning he faid to his Landlord and Landlady: I have seen the Spirit, I have talk'd with it. 'Tis a very honest Fellow. I am, faid he, the great great Grandfather of the Master of this House: I had a Daughter whom I promis'd to the Father of the Grand-father of his Drawer. However, neglecting the Word I had given him, I married her to another, and died foon after, and ever fince am tormented as the Punishment of my Perjury, and shall never be at Rest, 'till one of my Fa-mily shall marry one of Guillermo's; and it is for this Reason I walk here every Night. Yet it is to no purpose that I bid them marry Juanna to their Head-Drawer. The Son of my Grandson and his Wife turn the deaf Ear to all I can fay. But tell them, if you please, Mr. Serjeant, that if they do not immediately comply with my Defires, I shall proceed to Action,

162 The DEVIL Chap. VII.

Action, and will torment them both

in an extraordinary manner.

The Hoft being filly enough, was terrified at this Discourse; but the Hostes, yet more filly than her Husband, fancying that the Spirit was always at her heels, confented to the Match, and Guillermo marry'd Juanna the next Day, and set up in another part of the Town. Serjeant Duebrantador did not fail to visit him often, and he in Acknowledgment of the Service he had done him, gave him as much Wine as he car'd for. This so pleas'd the Soldier, that he brought thither not only all his Friends, but listed his Men there, and made all his Recruits drunk.

But at last Guillermo, grown weary of satisting such a Crew of greedy Throats, told the Soldier his Mind; who without ever thinking that he had exceeded the Agreement, was so unjust as to call Guillermo little ungrateful Rascal. The Host answer'd; the Serjeant reply'd; and the Dialogue ended with several Strokes

Chap. VII. upon Two Sticks. 163

Strokes with the flat fide of the Sword, which Guillermo receiv'd: Several Persons passing by took the Vintner's Part; the Serjeant wounded three or four, but was fuddenly fallen on by a Croud of Alguazils, who seiz'd him as a Disturber of the publick Peace, and carry'd him to Prison. He there declar'd all that I have told you, and upon his Deposition the Officers have also seiz'd Guillermo; the Father-in-law requires the anulling of the Marriage; and the holy Office, informed of the Affair, have thought fit to take Cognizance of it.

As I hope to be fav'd, said Dom Cleofas, this same holy Inquisition is very alerte. The moment they see the least glimpse of Profit——Softly, interrupted the Cripple, have a care what Freedom you take with this Tribunal, for it has its Spies every where, even of things that were never spoken. I my self dare not speak of it without trembling.

162 The DEVIL Chap. VII.

Action, and will torment them both

in an extraordinary manner.

The Hoft being filly enough, was terrified at this Discourse; but the Hostess, yet more filly than her Husband, fancying that the Spirit was always at her heels, confented to the Match, and Guillermo marry'd Juanna the next Day, and set up in another part of the Town. Serieant Quebrantador did not fail to visit him often, and he in Acknowledgment of the Service he had done him, gave him as much Wine as he car'd for. This so pleas'd the Soldier, that he brought thither not only all his Friends, but listed his Men there, and made all his Recruits drunk.

But at last Guillermo, grown weary of satisting such a Crew of greedy Throats, told the Soldier his Mind; who without ever thinking that he had exceeded the Agreement, was so unjust as to call Guillermo little ungrateful Rascal. The Host answer'd; the Serjeant reply'd; and the Dialogue ended with several Strokes

Chap. VII. upon Two Sticks. 162 Strokes with the flat fide of the Sword, which Guillermo receiv'd: Several Persons passing by took the Vintner's Part; the Serjeant wounded three or four, but was fuddenly fallen on by a Croud of Alguazils. who feiz'd him as a Disturber of the publick Peace, and carry'd him to Prison. He there declar'd all that I have told you, and upon his Deposition the Officers have also seiz'd Guillermo; the Father-in-law requires the anulling of the Marriage; and the holy Office, informed of the Affair, have thought fit to take Cognizance of it.

As I hope to be fav'd, said Don Cleofas, this same holy Inquisition is very alerte. The moment they see the least glimpse of Profit——Softly, interrupted the Cripple, have a care what Freedom you take with this Tribunal, for it has its Spies every where, even of things that were never spoken. I my self dare not speak of it without trembling.

Over

164 The DEVIL Chap. VII.

Over the unfortunate Guillermo in the first Room on the lest are two Men that deserve your Pity. One of them is a young Valet de Chambre, admitted by his Master's Wife as a Lover. One day the Husband caught them in the Fact; the Woman immediately cry'd out for Help, and accus'd the Valet de Chambre of a Rape. The unfortunate Fellow was seiz'd, and will in all likelyhood be facrificed to his Mistress's Reputation.

The Valet de Chambre's Companion, still less guilty, is very near his End. He is a Dutchess's Gentleman, whose Mistress being robb'd of a large Diamond, he is accus'd of the Thest. He will to-morrow be put to the Torture, 'till he confess that which was committed by an old Favourite Waitingwoman, whom no body dares suspect.

Ah Signior Asmodeo, said Leandro, let me entreat you to help this young Gentleman; I am concern'd for his

Inno-

Innocence; keep off, by your Power, the cruel Tortures that threaten him: His Innocence deserves You do not consider what you ask. Sir Scholar, interrupted the Devil. Can you defire me to oppose an unjust Action, and hinder the Destruction of an innocent Man? You had as good beg of an Attorney not to

ruin a Widow or Orphan.

Pray, if you please, do not ask any thing of me contrary to my Interest, unless it may be of confiderable Advantage to your felf. Befides, if I would deliver that honest Man out of Prison, do you think it is in my Power? How! reply'd Zambullo, have not you Power to fetch a Man out of Prison? No, really, reply'd the Gripple; if you had read Albertus Magnus's Enchiridion, you would have known, that I cannot, any more than my Brethren, fet a Prisoner at Liberty. Should I my felf have the Misfortune to fall into the Clutches of a Justice, I could not extricate my felf any other way than by Money.

166 The DEVIL Chap. VII.

In the next Room is a Chirurgeon, convicted of having fent his Wife out of the World the same way that Seneca went. He was this day tortur'd, and after confessing the Crime he was charg'd with, own'd, besides, that he had for ten Years made use of a new way to create Practice; he wounded the Passengers in the Street with a Bayoner, and nimbly made his Escape, by running into his own House at a back-door. The wounded Person, in the mean while, by his Groans had drawn the Neighbours to his Affistance. He ran in also with the Croud, and finding a wounded Man wallowing in his Blood, he caus'd him to be carry'd into his Shop, where he dress'd him with the same Hand which had given him the Wound.

Tho' the barbarous Surgeon have made this Confession, and deserve a thousand Deaths, yet he flatters himself with a Pardon, and possibly he may get one, for he is related lated to one of the Prince's Dreffers: and besides I must tell you that he makes a wonderful Water, for which he only has the Receipt. This incomparable Water has the power of whitening the Skin, and making an old wrinkled Face as smooth and fost as that of an Infant, so that three Court Ladies who make use of it as their Fountain of Youth, have enter'd into a Confederacy to fave him. And he reckons fo much upon their Interest, or rather if you please, upon his Water, that he is gone quietly to sleep, expecting to re-ceive the agreeable News of his Liberty when he wakes.

In the same Chamber, said the Scholar, I think I see another Man very fast asteep too upon an old Bed. Sure his Business cannot be a very bad one. Yet it is a very nice one, answer'd the Damon. He is a Biscayan Gentleman, grown rich by the Discharge of a Blunderbuss; and it was thus: As he was Setting in a Wood with his elder Brother

about

about a Fortnight ago, he unfortunately kill'd him by a shot aim'd at fome young Partridges. A lucky Mistake that for a younger Brother, cry'd Don Cleofas, Smiling; True, faid Asmodeo, but those that are next in Succession, being greedy of the Deceased's Estate, are prosecuting the young Gentleman, whom they accuse of committing this Fact in order to be the fole Heir of the Family. But he has voluntarily furrender'd himself, and seems so afflicted at his Brother's Death, that it is impossible to imagine he kill'd him defignedly. And has he really nothing to reproach himself with but his Aukwardness at shooting? reply'd Leandro. No, answer'd the Cripple, he had no ill Defign; but whenever an elder Brother is Mafter of all the Estate of a Family, I would not advise him to go a Setting with his younger Brother.

Pray take particular notice of those two Youths in the next Room to the Biscayan, who are entertaining

them-

Chap. VII. upon Two Sticks. 169 themselves as merrily as if they were at Liberty. They are two staunch Villains: One of them especially may fome time or other present the Publick with an Account of his Rogueries; for he may pass for a second Gusman de Alfarache. I mean he in the brown velvet Waistcoat,

with a Plume of Feathers in his Hat. There a mid agen nonevante

It is hardly three Months ago, fince he was one of the Count d'Oniate's Pages here at Madrid; and would still have been with his Master but for a piece of Roguery that has brought him hither, which

I shall tell you.

This Youth, whose Name is Doningo, happen'd one Day to receive good found whipping from the squire or Governor of the Count's Pages, for some unlucky Prank he ad committed, that deserv'd it; which he stomach'd a long while, nd resolv'd to revenge. He had oberv'd more than once that Signior Don Cosmo (for that was the Squire's VOL. I.

170 The DEVIL Chap. VII

Name) wash'd his Hands in Orange. . flower-water, and afterwards rubbid them with a Pafte made of Pinks and Jeffamin; that he took more care of his Person than an old Co. quet; in short, that he was one of those Fools who imagin that a Woman cannot look upon them without falling in love with them. This Observation gave him a hint for revenging himself, which he communicated to a young Girl that was a Chambermaid in the Neighbourhood, whose Affiltance he wanted to put his Designs in execution, and with whom he had fuch an Intimacy, that he could not possibly have a greater.

This Wench, named Florella, in order to converse with him with the greater Freedom, made him pass for her Cousin at her Mistress Donna Luziana's, whose Father was abroad. The malicious Domingo, having instructed his pretended Cousin in what she was to do, went one Morning into Don Cosmo's Chamber,

whilft

whilst he was trying on a new Suit of Cloaths; all which time he was admiring himself in the Glass, and appear'd charm'd with the Figure he faw there. The Page pretending to admire this Narcissus, and falling into a feign'd Transport, Really, Signior Don Cofaco, said he, you have the Air of a Prince. Tho' I every day see Grandees dress'd in the greatest Magnificence, yet notwithstanding all the richness of their Dress, they want your Mein. I know not, whether being your humble Servant fo much as I am, I look on you with Eyes too much prejudiced in your Favour; but in my opinion there is not a Gentleman at Court can expect to be taken notice of when you are there.

d

d

i+

in

th

ass

172-

2.

12-

fin

one

er.

illt

The Squire smiled at this Difcourse which so agreeably flatter'd his Vanity, and putting on a fofc Air, You flatter me, Friend, answer'd he, or you must really love me, and your Friendship lends me those Graces which Nature has deny'd me.

I 2

172 The DEVIL Chap. VII.

I do not think so, reply'd the Page, cajoling him all the while; for there is no body but what speaks of you as advantageously as my self. I wish you had heard what a Cousin of mine, who is Maid to a Woman of Quality, said of you yesterday.

Don Cosmo did not fail of asking what that Cousin of his said: Said! reply'd the Page; she enlarg'd upon the Beauty of your Shape, and the Charms that are to be seen all over your Person; and what is still better, she told me in Considence, that Donna Luziana her Mistress took a Pleasure in looking at you every time you pass'd by their House.

Who can that be, said the Squire, or where does she live? What! answer'd Domingo, do not you know it is the only Daughter of General Don Ferdinand our Neighbour? Ah! now I have it, reply'd Don Cosmo, I remember I have heard the Wealth and Beauty of this Luziana much talk'd of. She is a fine Fortune. Is it possible I can be so happy as

Chap. VII. upon Two Sticks. 173 to have made her take notice of me? Most certainly, said the Page, my Cousin told me so; tho' a Lady's Woman, she is no Liar, and I would answer for her as soon as for my self. If it be so, said the Squire, I would have a little private Discourse with thy Cousin, and bring her over to my Interest by a Present or two, according to Custom; and if she advise me to make my Court to her Mistress, I will try my Fortune. And indeed, why not? I agree there is some distance between me and Don Ferdinand; but still I am a Gentleman, and have five hundred good Ducats a-year. Matches more extraordinary than this happen every Day.

The Page back'd his Governor in his Resolution, and procur'd him a Meeting with his Cousin, who finding the Squire ready to swallow any thing, assured him, that her Mistress had an Inclination for him. She has often asked me about you, said she, and my Answers have not been to your Disadvantage. In short,

I 3 Sir,

174 The DEVIL Chap. VII.

Sir, you may reasonably presume, that Donna Luziana secretly loves you: boldly declare your honourable Defigns; show her you are the gallantest Cavalier in Madrid, as you are one of the handsomest and bestmade Gentlemen, but above all things give her a Serenade, which is what the is passionately fond of. As for me, I will take care to extol your Gallantry, and I hope my good Offices will not be in vain. Don Colmo. transported with Joy to see the Maid take his part with so much warmth. stifled her with Embraces, and putting a trifling Ring upon her Finger, which he had purposely bought to present her with; Dear Florella. faid he, I give you this Diamond only for the fake of your Acquainrance; I design to acknowledge the Services you intend me, by fomemore folid and confiderthing able.

It was impossible to be more pleas'd than he was with this Conversation with the Chamber-maid.

Where-

Chap. VII. upon Two Sticks. 175 Wherefore, he not only thank'd Domineo for procuring it him, but rewarded him with a Pair of filk Stockings, and fome laced Shirtspromising him he would let slip no Opportunity of ferving him. And then confulting him upon the meafures he should take, My Friend, faid he, dost thou advise me to break the Ice by a sublime passionate Letter to Donna Luziana? Indeed do I. answer'd the Page; send her a Declaration of Love in the lofty Style; for fomething tells me it will not be ill receiv'd. I fancy fo too, reply'd the Squire; however, at all Events that shall be my beginning. Immediately he put Pen to Paper; fo having torn about twenty foul Copies of Billet-doux, which he had made, he at last hit upon one he resolv'd should go; this he read over to Dominge, who having heard it with figns of Admiration, undertook to carry it immediately to his

Cousin. These were the florid and far-fetch'd Terms it was couch'd in.

14 IT

IT is now long fince, charming Luziana, that drawn by Fame, which every where publishes your many Perfections, I cannot belp being inflam'd with an ardent Love for you. However, notwithstanding the Fires that consume me, I have not dar'd to venture upon any piece of Gallantry; but as I am inform'd that you vouchsafe to cast an eye upon me when I pass by your Window; your Window, that deprives the Eyes of Mankind of your celestial Beauty; and that by the Influence of your Stars, (an Influence very fortunate to me) you are inclin'd to wish me well, I take the liberty of begging to be allow'd to consecrate my self to your Service. If I am so fortunate to obtain it, I bid Adieu to all Ladies past, present, and to come.

Don Cosmo de la Higuera.

The

Chap. VII. upon Two Sticks. 177

The Page and his sham Cousin did not fail making themselves very merry at Don Cosmo's Expence, and diverting themselves with his Letter. But that was not all: they drew up between them a kind Letter, which the Chamber-maid transcribed, and Domingo carried the next Day to the Squire, as Donna Luziana's Answer. This was it.

Know not who it is that can so well have informed you of my secret Sentiments; somebody must have betrayed me; but I pardon it, since it has been the Occasion of letting me know that you love me. Of all the Men that pass thro' our Street, you are the Person I take the most Pleasure in looking at; and I would fain have you become my Lover. Perhaps I ought not to wish it, and much less say it. But if it be a Crime, it is a Crime your Merit must find an Excuse for.

Donna Luziana.

Tho' this Answer was a little too tender for a General's Daughter (for I 5

the Writers had not taken their Measures nicely as to that) the vain Don Cosmo did not at all mistrust it upon that Account. He thought well enough of himself to imagine a Lady might lay aside Decency a little for his sake. Ah! Domingo, cryed he, with an air of Triumph, after reading the pretended Letter aloud; thou seest, my Friend, whether our Neighbour be not caught. I shall be Don Ferdinand's Son-in-Law, as sure as I am Don Cosmo de la Higuera.

There is no doubt of it, faid the Rascal of a Consident; you have made a terrible Impression upon his Daughter. But it is just come into my Head, said he, I remember my Cousin charged me to tell you, that to-morrow at farthest it was absolutely necessary for you to give your Mistress a Serenade, in order to make her run quite mad for your Lordship. With all my Heart, said the Squire, and thou may'st assure thy Cousin that I will follow thy Advice,

vice, and to-morrow about Midnight she shall, without fail, hear one of the finest Concerts in her Street, that ever was heard at Madrid. And indeed he really went to an excellent Musick-Master, and having let him into his Delign, employed him in the Execution of it.

Whilst he was busied about his Serenade, Florella, whom the Page had instructed, seeing her Miftress in good Humour, said to her, Madam, I am preparing you a very agreeable Diversion; upon which, Luziana asked her what it was. O really, replyed the Maid, laughing like mad all the while, I have a Budget full of News for you. An Original, whose Name is Don Cosmo, Governor to the Count d'Oniate's Pages, has taken it into his Head to choic you for the Sovereign Lady of his Affections, and that you may not be ignorant of it, is to-morrow Night to tegale your with a fine Concert of Vocal and Inthrumental Musick. Donna Luziana, who

180 The DEVIL Chap. VII.

who was naturally gay, and thought the Squire's Gallantries would draw no ill Consequence after them in regard to herself; far from assuming a serious Air, pleased herself beforehand with the Thought of hearing the Concert: so that, without knowing it, she help'd to confirm Don Cosmo in an Error, which had she known, she would have been very angry at.

In short, the Night of the following Day, there appeared before Luziana's Balcony two Coaches, out of which alighted the gallant Squire and his Confident, accompanied by fix Men, fome of which fung, and others played, who began the Con-It lasted a considerable time, and they played a great number of new Airs, and fung several Songs, all which turned upon the Power of Love in the uniting Hearts of uncqual Condition; and at the end of every Song, which the General's Daughter applied to herself, she laughed ready to burst.

When

When the Serenade was over, Don Cosmo sent back the Musick in the same Coaches they came in, and stayed in the Street with Domingo, till fuch curious People, whom his Mufick had brought about them, were gone. He then drew near the Balcony, from whence the Maid, by her Mistress's Permission, said to him thro' a little Window; Is it you, Signior Don Cosmo? Who is it asks me that Question, answered he in a languishing Tone? It is Donna Luziana, replyed the Maid, who would be informed whether this Concert be the Effect of your Gallantry? It is no more than a flight Shadow of the Entertainments my Love is preparing for this Wonder of our Age, if the will vouchfafe to receive them from a Lover confuming upon the Altar of her Beauty?

At this Metaphor, the Lady had a strong Inclination to laugh: howevershe smother'd it, and placing herself at the little Window, Signior Don Cosmo, said she, as gravely as she possibly could,

could to the Squire, it is very plain you are no Novice in Gallantry. Lovers who would oblige their Mistreffes must learn of you; I am very well pleased with your Screnade, and thank you for it. But I would have you retire, added she; for we may be heard; and another time we will have a longer Conversation. At these Words, she shut the Window, leaving the Squire prodigiously pleased with the Favour she had just done him, and the Page as much astonished to see her act a Part in the Comedy.

This little Entertainment, reckoning the Charge of the Coaches, and of the vast Quantity of Wine drank by the Performers, cost Don Cosmo an hundred Ducats; yet two Days after his Consident engaged him in a fresh Expence; which was thus. Having learnt that Florella was on the Eve of St. John, (an Eve so celebrated in this City) to go with some other Wenches of the same Stamp

Chap. VII. upon Two Sticks. 183

Stamp to the Fiesta del * Sotilto, undertook to give them a magnificent

Breakfast at the Squire's cost.

Signior Don Cosmo, faid he, do you know that to-morrow is the Feflival of St. John? I tell you beforehand that Donna Luziana propoles to be by day-break on the Banks of the Mansanarez to see the Sotillos I suppose I need fay no more to the Flower of all gallant Cavaliers, nor are you a Man that will flight so fair an Opportunity. I am perswaded that your Miffress and her Company will be handsomely treated to-mor-row. Yes, you may depend upon it, said his Governor, and you shall fee I know how to lay hold on the Occasion. In reality, very early the next Morning, four of his Mafter's Foormen, conducted by Domingo, and loaded with all forts of cold Meats, dressed different ways, and a vast Number of small Loaves, and Bottles of the best Wine, arrived on the

Banks

^{*} A fort of Dance particular to the Spaniards.

184 The DEVIL Chap. VII.

Banks of the Mansanarez, where Florella and her Companions were dancing like so many Nymphs at the

rifing of the Morning.

They were not a little pleased at the Page's coming to interrupt their light Dances, by the Offer of a solid Breakfast from Signior Don Cosmo. They sat down on the Grass, and began to do Honour to the Feast by laughing immoderately at the Fool who gave it; for the charitable Cousin of Domingo had taken Care to let them into the Secret.

As they were all disposed for Mirth, they saw the Squire appear richly dress'd, and mounted on a Pad out of the Count's Stables. He came up to his Confident, and saluted his Company, who got up to receive him with the greater Politeness, and thank him for his Generosity. He look'd with all the Eyes he had among these Wenches for Donna Luziana, designing to make his Addresses to her in a fine Compliment which he had studied by the way; but Florella

Chap. VII. upon Two Sticks. 184 rella taking him aside, told him that an Indisposition had prevented her Lady's appearing at the Entertainment. Don Colmo shewed a very great Concern at this News, and asked what his dear Luziana's Illness was: She has got a fad Cold, faid the Maid, by passing all the Night, you gave the Serenade, in the Balcony without her Vail, and talking of you. The Squire, comforted by an Accident proceeding from fo charming a Cause, begg'd her to continue him her good Offices with her Mistress, and returned home applauding himself more and more in his good Fortune.

About this time, Don Cosmo had a Bill of Exchange sent him, and received a thousand Crowns in Gold sent him from Andalusia, as his share of an Estate of an Uncle of his at Sevile. He told over the Sum, and put it into a Chest before Domingo, who eyed it wishfully, and being tempted to get those pretty Things into his Possession, he resolved to run

186 The DEVIL Chap. VH

run away with them to Portugal. He informed Florella of it, and went fo far as to propose to her to go along with him. Tho' the Propos fal deferved mature Confideration. the Wench, as wicked as the Page, accepted it without bogling. In fhort, one Night whill the Squire was thut up in his Closet, and bufied in inditing a passionate Letter to his Mistress, Domingo found means to open the Cheft where the Money lay, and carried it off. Immediately he made the best of his way into the Street with his Booty, and being got under Luziana's Balcony, fell a catterwayling. The Chamber-maid. at this Signal which they had agreed upon, did not make him wait long. but being ready to follow him all over the World, departed out of Madrid with him.

They built upon having time enough to reach Portugal, before they should be overtaken; but unluckily for them, Don Cosmo, that very Night perceiving he was robbed,

and

chap. VII. upon Two Sticks. 187 and his Confident run away, had immediate recourse to a Justice, who dispatched his Blood-hounds all about in pursuit of the Thief, and took him and his Nymph near Zebreros; who were both brought back, and the Maid sent to las Arrepentides, and

Domingo hither.

Doubtless then, said the Scholar, the Squire will not lose his Money, but it will be returned him. Not so, neither, answered the Devil: those Pieces are Proofs of the Robbery, and the Officers of Justice will not part with them: and Don Cosmo, whose Story is spread all over the City, remains plundered, and laughed at by every Body.

Domingo and that other Prisoner at play with him, continued the Cripple, have a young Castilian for their Neighbour, who has been brought in here, for having given his Father a Blow in the Presence of credible Witnesses. O Heaven! cry'd Leandro, what do you tell me? however wicked a Sin be, yet still can

he lift up his Hand against his Father? O yes, said the Damon, this is not without an Instance, and I will give you a very remarkable one. In the Reign of Peter the First, surnamed the Just and the Cruel, Eighth King of Portugal, a young Fellow of about twenty was put into the hands of Justice for the same Fact. Don Pedro, like you, surprized at the Novelty of the Case, resolved to examine the Criminal's Mother, and did it with so much art, as to make her own she had that Child by a Right Reverend Prelate. In the same manner, were the Judges of this Cafillian to examine his Mother as artfully, they might probably force the same Confession from her.

Carry your Eye to that large Dungeon under the three Prisoners I have just shewed you, and let us consider what is passing there. Those are Highway-men. See, they are breaking out, by the help of a smooth File brought them in a Loaf, and have already filed thro' a large Bar of of a Window, thro' which they may flip into a Court that goes into the Street. They have been here more than ten Months, and should have received the publick Reward due to such Exploits above eight Months ago: but thanks to the tedious Proceedings of the Law, they are going again to their old Vacation of

murthering Travellers.

Follow me into that low Hall. where you will fee twenty or thirty Prisoners lying upon Straw; they are Pickpockets, Shoplifters, and all the very worst fort of Felons; Do you observe five or fix of them worrying a kind of handycraft Tradefman brought in to-day for wounding an Alguazil with a Stone. But why do they beat the poor Fellow? faid Zambullo. It is, answered Asmodeo, because he has not paid his Garnish. But, added he, let us leave those Rogues, and get as far as we can from this wretched Place, that we may employ our time upon Objects that are more agreeable. CHAP.

190 The DEVIL Chap. VIII,

ACTURAL DESIGNATION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PRO

CHAP. VIII.

Asmodeo shews Don Cleofas several Persons, and discovers to him what they have been doing that Day.

Eaving the Prisoners they flew towards another Quarter, and lighted upon a great House, where the Damon said thus to the Scholar: I have a great Mind to tell you what all the People living round this great House have this Day been doing, and possibly it may divert you. I make no dout of it, answer'd Leandro, and I wish you would begin with that Captain who is drawing on his Boots. He is going out of Madrid, said Asmodeo; his Horses wait for him at the Gate, and he is commanded to Portugal, in order to join his Regiment.

Having no Money to make the Campaign, he yesterday apply'd himself to an Usurer: Can't you, said

he,

Chap. VIII. upon Two Sticks. 191 he, lend me a thousand Pieces of Eight? Captain, answered the Usurer in very obliging Terms, I have not so much by me, but I will do my best to find you a Man that shall lend you the Sum; that is, shall give you four hundred down, provided you give your Note for a thousand, and out of that four hundred, please to take Notice that I expect fifty for Procuration. Money is so very scarce at this time----- What a hellish Extortion is this, interrupted the Officer haltily, to ask fix hundred and fixty Patacoons for the Use of three hundred and forty! What a horrid Cheat is this! fuch unconscionable Rascals deserve hanging.

No Passion, Captain, replyed the Usurer with a cool Air; try at another Place. What do you complain of? Do I force you to take the three hundred and forty Patacoons? You are at your Liberty to take them or let them alone. The Captain went away without returning any Answer: But after consider

C

ing

ing he must go to his Regiment, his time was short, and that he could do nothing without Money, he returns the next Morning to the Usurer, whom he met at his Door in a black Cloak, Collar-Band and short Hair, with Beads in his Hand. Signior Sanguisuela, says he, I am content to accept your three hundred and forty Patacoons; my extreme want of Money has forced me to it. I will but go to Mass, answered the Usurer very gravely, and at my Return come again, and you shall have that Sum. No, no, replyed the Captain, go in again, this Affair won't take you up two Minutes, pray dispatch me immediately, for I am in the utmost haste. I cannot really, reply'd the Usurer, I every Day hear Mass before I do any manner of Business; 'tis my constant Rule, which I am resolved to observe most religiously for the Remainder of my Life.

However impatient the Captain was to receive his Money, he was

forced

Chap. VIII. upon Two Sticks. 193

forced to submit to pious Sanguisuela's strict Rules; and as if he had
been afraid he should miss the Patacoons, he followed the Usurer to
the Church, and staid the Mass out
with him; immediately after which
he prepared to go out of the Church,
when Sanguisuela whispered in his
Ear, that one of the ablest Preachers
in Madrid was going to mount the
Pulpit; and I will not on any account, said he, lose the Sermon.

The Officer, who thought the Mass insupportably tedious, was atmost distracted at this fresh Delay; but yet waited the Sermon out. The Preacher appear'd, and preached against Usury, at which the Captain was infinitely pleased, and observing Sanguisuela's Looks, he said to himself, If this Jew should be touched with this Discourse! Should he now give me six hundred Patacoons, how happy 'twould be! After the Sermon the Usurer went out of the Church: Well, Signior Sanguisuela, said the Captain joining him, what

194 The DEVIL Chap. VIII.

do you think of this Preacher? was not the Sermon very pathetick? for my Part, I own it sensibly moved me. I am perfectly of your Opinion, with regard to the Sermon, answered the Extortioner: He has handled his Subject perfectly well; he is a learned a Man, and has discharged the Duty of his Calling; let us do the same in ours.

Pray who are those two Ladies abed together who laugh fo loud? cryed Don Cleofas; they feem to me to be very merry. They are, answered the Devil, a couple of young Ladies that have this Day buryed their Father, who was a whimfical Humourist, that had such an Aversion for Matrimony, that he would never marry them, how advantageous Matches foever were offer'd. The Character of their deceased Father was the perpetual Subject of their Discourse. He is dead at last, said the eldest, our unnatural Father, who took a barbarous Pleasure in preventing our Marriage! He will now no more cross

Chap! VIII. upon Two Sticks. 195 cross our Defires. For my patt, faid the youngest, I am for a rich Husband, tho' a Fool, and Don Blanco shall be my Man. Hold Sitter, replyed the eldeft, don't let us be fo very hafty in the Choice of Husbands; let us marry those the Powers above have deftin'd for us; for our Marriages are register'd in Hear'n's Book. So much the worfe, dear Sifter, return'd the youngest, for I'm afraid my Father will tear out the Leaf. At this the eldeft could not hold from an extravagant Fit of Laughter; in which the youngest, equally tick-

In the House next to these two Sisters, lives in a ready-furnished Chamber, a young Arragonian Lady who is upon the Catch for some rich Bubble. I see she is looking in the Glass instead of going to Bedy and complimenting her Charms, on the important Conquest they have made this Day. She is likewise contriving new Airs, and has already hit on two which will to-morrow give

K 2

196 The DEVIL Chap. VIII.

a good Stroke towards the gaining of a new Lover, who is such a very promising Spark that she can't be too sedulous in the Conquest of him; and one of her Creditors coming not long since to dun her, Honest Friend, said she, come within a few Days and you shall be paid, I am just upon Terms of Agreement with one of the chief. Officers of the Treasury.

I need not, said Don Cleofas, ask you what that Gentleman, which I fee, has been doing for this whole Day; he must of necessity have spent it in writing of Letters. What a prodigious quantity do I see on his Table! What is most comical, answer'd the Devil, is that all these Letters are verbatim the same. This Cavalier has written to all his abfent Friends the Relation of an Adventure which happen'd to him this day after Dinner, and is as follows: He loves a beautiful discreet Widow of thirty: He makes Addresses to her, she does not slight him, he proposes to marry her, and she accepts

Chap. VIII. upon Two Sticks. 197 cepts the Offer. While the nuptial Preparations are making, he has free leave to visit her at her own House, which he accordingly doth daily. He has been there to-day, and happening to meet with none of the Family to ask where the was, he enter'd the Lady's Apartment, where he furprized her afleep on a Couch in an amorous Undress; or to speak more properly, almost naked. He approached her foftly, and ftole a Kiss; at which she awaked, and sighing said : Ab, pray Ambrofio, let me fleep! The Cavalier, like a well-bred Man. very civilly took his leave at that Infant, and quitted her Apartment; he met Ambresio at the Door: Ambrofio, said he, your Mistress begs that you would not wake her.

Two Doors beyond this Cavalier, I discover a small House where lives an Original of an Husband, who snores while his Wife is reproaching him for having staid out the whole Day; and she would be much more exasperated if she knew how he had been em-

K 3 ploying

ploying himfelf. In fome Intrigue, I warrant you, faid Zambullo; You are right, reply'd Afmodeo, and I will brown of dailer.

tell you it.

This Man is a Citizen, whose Name is Patricio, one of those loose Husbands that live without thinking, as if they had neither Wives. nor Children. Yet he has a beauriful modest Wife, two Daughters. and a Son, all very young. He went out this Morning without asking whether there was Bread for the Family, which fometimes wants it. He passed by the great Square, drawn thither by the Preparations for the Bull-feafts which are to be to-day. There were Scaffolds already built all round, and fuch as were the most eager to satisfy their Curiosity had already began to take their Places.

Whilst he was gazing at them, he happen'd to cast his Eye upon a Lady very well-made and neatly dreft, who in coming down from one of the Scaffolds, shew'd a fine well-

Chap. VIII. upon Two Sticks. 199 well-turned Leg, with a pink-colour'd filk Stocking and filver Garter. There needed no more to fet our weak Citizen all in a flame, who advancing up to the Lady, who had another with her that plainly enough discover'd by her Air that they were both upon the catch; Ladies, faid he to them, if I can be serviceable to you any way, pray command me, for I am very much at your Service. Sir, answer'd the Nymph with the pink-colour'd Stockings, your Offer is too obliging to be rejected; we had already taken our Places, but have just left them to go to Breakfest, for we have been so silly as to come out this Morning without drinking our Chocolate; and fince you are so gallant as to offer us your Service, go along with us, if you please, to some place where we may eat a mouthful. But let it be somewhere that we may not be feen; for you know young Maidens cannot be too careful of their Reputation. K 4

At these Words, Patricio growing fill more polite and well-bred than there was any Occasion for, carries his Princesses to a Tavern in the Suburbs, where he calls for a Breakfast. Sir, fays the Man of the House, what would you please to have? I have the Remains of a great Entertainment made at my House yesterday, still by me; crammed Chickens, Partridges of Leon, Pidgeons of Old-Castille, and more than half a Ham of Estremadura. That is more than we shall want, faid the Gentlemanusher of these Vestals. Ladies, you need only chuse; which are you for? Whatever you please, answer'd they, your Tafte shall be ours. Whereupon our Citizen order'd a Brace of young Partridges, and two cold Chickens, and a private Room, seeing he was with Ladies who flood fo much upon their Modesty.

They shew'd him and his Company into a little By-closet, whither in a moment was brought the Dish he had bespoke, with Bread and

Wine.

Wine. Our Lucretias, like Ladies of a good Stomach, fell greedily upon the Meat, while Sir Timothy Treat-all amused himself with contemplating the Beauty of his Luifita, for fo was this Lady of his Affections call'd. He admires the whiteness of her Hands, on which sparkled a large Ring which the had gain'd by her Practice; he calls her a Star, a Sun, and a thousand such fine Names, and is not able to eat for thinking on his good luck in meeting with her. He ask'd his Goddess if the were married, to which the answer'd No, but was under a Brother's Care; if the had added on Adam's fide, she had spoke the Truth. To the transport for one

In the mean while the two Harpies not only devour'd each her Chicken, but drank proportionably too. The Wine was soon out, and our Spark himself ran to fetch more, that they might have it the sooner; but he was hardly out of the Room, when Jacintha, Luisita's Companion, K?

d

202 The DEVIL Chap. VIII.

lays her Claws upon the Partridges that remain'd in the Dish, and crams them into a Linnen Pocker fhe had under her Petticoat. Prefently our Adonis return'd with more Wine; and observing the Victuals was gone, ask'd his Venus whether the would not eat the other Bit! Let us have, faid the, some of those Pidgeons our Landlord was mentioning, provided they be exceeding fine, if not, a Piece of the Ham will do. She had scarce spoke, when Patricio went back to the Larder. and order'd three Pidgeons and a large Slice of the Ham. Our Birds of Prey begin to peck again, and whilst their Spark was obliged a third time to disappear for Bread, they fend a Brace of the Pidgeons to keep company with the Priloners in their Pocket.

After the Repart, which concluded with Fruits proper to the Scalon, the amorous Patricio presid Luifita to make him those Returns he expeeted from her Gratitude, which the

the Lady refus'd to comply with; but gave him some hopes, at the same time telling him there was a time for every thing, and that the thought a Tavern a very unfit Place to testify her Acknowledgements for the Obligation the had to him. Upon which, hearing it strike One, the put on an air of uneafines, saying to her Companion, Dear Jacintha, we are very unfortunate, we shall meet with never a place to fee the Bull-fight : Pardon me, answer'd 74cintha, this Gentlemen has no more to do than to carry us back where he first accosted us with so much Politeness, and do not be uneasy about the reft.

- -

Before they went out of the Tavern, there was a necessity for paying the Vintner, who mounted the Bill to fifty Reals: the Citizen put his Hand into his Pocket, where sinding but thirty Reals, he was forced to pawn his Beads garnish'd with silver Medals for the rest. He then waited on his Scamperers to

the

204 The DEVIL Chap. VIII.

the place where he met with them, and placed them in a very convenient Seat, in one of the Scaffolds, for which the Proprietor, a Friend

of his, gave him Credit.

They were hardly seated, ere they asked for something to drink. I am fainting with Thirlt, cry'd one, the Ham has made me so terribly dry; and I too, cry'd the other, could drink a Glass of Limonade with Pleasure. Immediately Patricio, who understood but too well what all this meant, left them in order to go for Refreshments; but stopping short, says he to himself; Where art thou going, Madman! methinks, thou shouldst have a hundred Pistoles either in thy Pocket or at home, and yet thou hast not a Cross. What shall I do, continu'd he? Shall I return to the Lady without what she desires? No, that will never do. On the other hand, shall I stop short in an affair that is so far advanced? I can never think of that.

In this Perplexity, he perceives one of his Friends in the Crowd, who had often made him Offers of Friendship, which out of Pride he had always refused; immediately laying aside all Shame, he makes up to him in all haste, and borrows a double Pistole of him; and taking Heart at this fortunate Accident, slies to a Chocolate-house, and there buys so many Liquors cool'd in Ice, so many Biscuits and dry'd Sweetmeats, that the Doublon would scarce serve for that Expence.

In short, the Feast concluded with

In short, the Feast concluded with the day, and our Gallant waits on his Ladies home, hoping thereby to gain his ends. But when they were before a House, where she said she liv'd, a fort of a Maid came out to Luista, and speaking with some concern, Lord, said she, where have you been so late! Your Brother Signior Don Jasper Heridor has been at home these two Hours, storming and swearning like a Madman; upon which the Sister pretending to be

I it o. rt?

in a Fright, turn'd to our Spark, and squeezing his Hand, said in a low Voice, My Brother is terribly passionate, but it is soon over; stay a little in the Street, and do not be impatient, so we will go in and quiet him; but as he every Night sups in the City, the moment he goes out, Jacinthe shall come and inform you of it, and let you in.

Inform you of it, and let you in.

The Gallant, comforted by this Promise, kils'd Luista's Hand with Transport, who bestow'd on him a few Caresses to keep him in hopes; and then went in with Jacintas and the Maid. Patricio very contentedly sat himself down on a Stone that was near the door, and waited a good while, without thinking they could possibly have any design to trick him. Nothing surprized him but that he did not see Don Jasper come out, which made him sear that this cursed Brother would not sup in the City.

In the mean time he hears it strike, ten, eleven, twelve. Then

he

Chap. VIII. upon Two Sticks. 207 he began to abate of his Confidence, and suspect his Lady's Sincerity. He goes up to the Door, goes in, and gropes his way thro' a dark Alley, in the midst of which he finds a pair of Stairs. However, he dares not venture to go up, but liftens attentively, and his Ear is faluted with the disagreeable Concert of a Dog barking, a Cat mewing, and a Child crying. At last he begins to find he is imposed upon; and what fully convinces him is, that endeavouring to get at the End of the Alley. he finds himfelf in a different Street to that where he had so long waited.

Then he regretted the Loss of his Money, and returns home curing the pink-colour'd Stockings; he knocks, and his Wife opens the Door with her Beads in her Hand and Tears in her Ryes, faying with a moving Air, Ah! Patricio, can you thus abandon your House, and take to little Care of your Wife and Children? What have you been doing ever fince fix a-clock this Morn.

PICE LOC

208 The DEVIL Chap. VIII.

ing, that you went out? The Husband not knowing what Anfwer to make, and being ashamed besides of being fool'd by a couple of jilting Baggages, undrest, and went to Bed without speaking one Word. The Wife, in a Humour for moralizing, is now giving him a Lecture that this Moment has laid

him to fleep. went jaid

Cast your Eye, pursued Asmodeo. on that great House beyond that of the Gentleman who is writing his Friends an account of breaking off his Marriage with his Mistress. Do you fee that young Lady in the Rofecolour'd Sattin Bed embroider'd with Gold? Yes, answered Don Cleofas, I discern a fine Woman in a profound Sleep, and I think also a Book on her Bolter. You are right, replyed Asmodeo, that Lady is a very gay, witty, young Countels, who being indispos'd, and not able to sleep for a Week, the this Day refolved to fend for one of the gravest Physicians of this City. He came, the

Chap. VIII. upon Two Sticks. 200

she consulted him, and he ordered her a Remedy mentioned in Hippocrates. The Lady began to rally his Prescription; but the Physician being a peevish Animal, was disgusted at her Jest; and replyed with his doctorial Gravity; Hippocrates, Madam, is not a proper Man to be ridiculed. God forbid Doctor, answered the Countess with the most ferious Air that it was possible for her to put on; God forbid that I fhould laugh at fuch a famous and learned Author! I have such a high Value for him, that I am fully perfuaded the reading of some of his Tracts only, would cure my waking Distemper. I have his Works tranflated by the learned Azero, which is the best Translation extant: She accordingly try'd the Experiment, and at the third Page fell afleep.

In the Counters's Stables there is a poor one-armed Soldier, whom the Grooms out of Charity allow to lie every Night on the Straw. He begs in the day-time, and has just now

0

had

210 The DEVIL Chap. VIII. had a pleasant Conversation with another Beggar, that lives near Buenretire in a Passage leading to the Court. This last has made a good hand of it, is a warm old Fellow, and has a Daughter marriageable, who paffes amongst these People for a rich Heiress. The Soldier accoffing the old Gentleman, faid to him, Signior Mendigo, you fee I have loft my right Arm, I can no longer ferve his Majetty, and am reduced, as you are, to the Civility of Passengers for a Subfiftance. But of all Trades I know very well this is one that bolt subsists those that follow it; and that all it wants is to be a little more honourable. If it were honourable, answered the other, it would be worth nothing, for every body would take it up.

You say right, replyed the Soldier, well then I am one of your Brethren, and would fain be related to you. You shall give me your Daughter. You do not consider, answered the old rich Fellow, that she

muft

must have a better Match. You're not half lame enough for my Son-in-Law. I would have a Man in a Condition to draw Compassion from an Usurer. Good God! said the Soldier, is not my Condition deplorable enough? Fye, answered the other hastily, you have only lost an Arm, and yet you pretend to my Daughter. Do you know, Sir, that I have already refused her to a Fellow so lame, that he goes with his Breech in a Bowl?

d

1,

ξ,

AL.

•

e

1

P

C

1-

0

1-

e ft But we must not pass by the House next to the Counters's, where lives a drunken Painter and a Poet. The Painter went out at seven this Morning, with intent to setch a Confessor to his Wife who is at the point of Death; but meeting with a Friend that dragged him to the Tavern, he never returned till ten at Night. The Poet, who, if he be not belied, has sometimes met with a melancholy Reward for his Satires, said just now in a Cossee-House with a swaggering Air, speaking of a Man, who was absent; That is

212 The DEVIL Chap. VIII.

a Rascal to whom I must give a good drubbing; to whom an arch Fellow replyed, that you may very easily, for you have a good Stock by you.

I must not forget a Scene worth your hearing that has this Day passed at a Banker's in this Street, who is lately set up in this City. Tis not two Months since he returned from Peru laden with Riches: His Father is an honest Cobler in a small Village about twelve Leagues from hence, where he lived thoroughly contented with his Condition and his Wife, who is much about the same Age with himself, that is sixty.

'Tis a long time since this Banker less his Parents, to go to the Indies in quest of a better Fortune than what they could propose to leave him; for within the Compass of twenty rolling Years they had not seen him. They frequently talk'd of him, and continually pray'd that Heav'n would please not to fersake him; and the Parson being their Friend, they ne-

chap. VIII. upon Two Sticks. 213
ver fail'd to obtain the publick Prayers of the Congregation for him.
As for the Banker, he had not forgotten them; but as foon as he was fettled, resolved to inform himself of their Condition. To this purpose, after having ordered his Domesticks not to expect him, he mounted on Horse-back, and went alone to the Village.

Ĥ.

od

W

ly,

ı.

th

ay

et,

he

th

eft

ve

cd

n-

ch

If,

cer

in

hat

n;

ity

m.

nd

ble

he

ne-

VCC

'Twas ten at Night before he got thither, and the honest Cobler was a-bed with his Wife, in a found Sleep, when he knocked at the Door: They then wak'd, and ask'd who was there? Open the Door, fays the Banker, 'tis your Son Francillo. Make others believe that if you can, cryed the old Man, you thieving Rogues, go about your Bufinels, for here is nothing for you: Francillo, if not dead, is now in the Indies. He is no longer there, he is returned home from Peru, reply'd the Banker, and it is he that now speaks to you; open your Door, and receive him. Jacobo, let's rise then faid

214 The DEVIL Chap. VHI.

faid the Woman, for I really believe 'tis Francillo; I think I know his Astor the Banter, be Voice.

They both role immediately; the Father lighted a Candle, and the Mother, after getting her Clouchs on with utmost haste, open'd the Door. She earnestly looked on Francillo, and cou'd no longer doubt his being her Son; she flung her Arms about his Neck, and clasped him close to her. Jacobo, also touched by the fame Semiments as his Wife, did not fail to embrace his Son in his turn; and all three of them, transported with the Sight of one another after fuch a long Ablence, could not fatisfie themselves with expreffing the Marks of the utmost Tenderness.

After these pleasing Transports, the Banker unsadled and unbrided his Horse, and put him into the Stable, where he found an old milch Cow, the Nurse to the whole Family; he then gave the old Folks an Account of his Voyage, and all the

chap. VIII. upon Two Sticks. 215
the Riches that he had brought from
Peru. The Particular was long, and
would tire any differented Auditors;
but a Son that unbosom'd himself
in the Relation of all his Adventures, could not fail of the Attention of a Father and Mother. They
greedily heard him, and the very least
Particulars which he related made in
them a sensible impression of Grief

nee his Father and Mother svol 10

Ħ.

ve

His

2A

the

the

the

the

an-

his

rths

him

hed

ife.

in in

cm,

e a-

nce.

ex-

noft

orts,

dicd

Sta-

ilch

Fa-

olks

d all

the

As foon as he had ended the Story of his Fortunes, he told them he came to offer them Part of his Eflate, and begged of bis father not to work any longer. No, my Son, faid Mr. Jucobo, I love my Trade and will not quit it. Why, replyed the Banker, is it not now high time for you to give it over, and take your Eafe? I don't propose your coming to live with me at Madrid 1 know very well that a City Life would not please you. I would not disturb your quiet way of living; but at least give over your hard Labour, and pass your Days as easily as you The can.

The Mother seconded her Son, and Master Jacobo yielded. Very well, Francillo, said he, to please you, I will not work any more for the Publick; but will only mend my own Shoes, and those of my good Friend, the Vicar of the Parish. After this Agreement, the Banker, fatigued with his Day's Journey, eat a couple of Poach'd Eggs, went into his Father and Mother's Bed, and slept betwixt them both, with a Pleasure which only the most dutiful and best-natur'd Children to their Parents can imagine.

The next Morning, the Banker, leaving them a Purse of three hundred Ducats, returned to Madrid; but yesterday was very much surprized to see Mr. Jacobo unexpectedly at his House: My Father, said he, what brought you hither? Francillo, answered the honest Man, I have brought your Purse, take your Money again, I desire to live by my Trade, I have been ready to die with Uneasiness ever since I lest off working.

working. Well then, my Father, replyed the Banker, return to your Village, work at your Trade enough to divert your felf, but no more. Carry back your Purse with you, and don't spare mine. Alas, what would you have me do with so much Money? replyed Mr. Jacobo. Comfort the Poor with it, returned Francillo, bestow it as your Vicar shall advise you. The Cobler, satisfied with this Answer, returned that Morning to his Village.

1,1

V.

(e)

or

Y

d

f-1

2-

at

nt:

 $\mathbf{d}_{\mathbf{w}}$

h

11-

to

sil

19

n-

15

ly

e,

lo,

VC.

on:

off

Don Cleofas could not hear Francillo's Story without a particular Pleafure, and was going to break out into Praises of the honest-hearted Banker, if just at that Moment a very shrill Cry had not call'd off his Attention. Signior Asmodeo, cryed he, what's that I hear? What confus'd Noise strikes the Air? Those are Madmen, answered the Devil, who are tearing their Throats with finging and roaring; we are not far from the Place where they are shut up. Ah, faid Don Cleofas, pray do VOL. I. mc

219 The DEVIL Chap. IX.

me the Favour to shew me them, and give me an Account wherefore they ran mad. I will immediately give you that Diversion, answered the Devil. These Words were scarce ended, before the Scholar was transported to the Top of the * Casa de los locos.

* The Mad-house or Bedlam.



CHAP. IX.

Of the confined Mad People:

Zambullo cast an attentive Eye into all the Rooms, and having observed the mad Men and Women that were in them, said the Devilto him; You see here are mad Folks of both Sexes, merry and melancholy, young and old; but I must now tell you what has turn'd their Brains. We will take them in order one after another, and begin with the Men.



Vol I.p. 219

では、 のとこのながらる

g n co co wis. G-n. He



He that is raving in the first Room is a Newsmonger of Castille, born in the Heart of Madrid, a haughy Citizen, and more touch'd with the Honour of his Country than an old Roman Citizen. This Man is melancholy mad, by reading in the Gazette that twenty Spaniards suffer'd themselves to be beaten by a Party

of fifty Portuguese.

His Neighbour is a Licenciado. who has plaid the Hypocrite at Court for these ten Years only to obtain a Benefice; and seeing himself continually forgotten in the Promotions, Despair has at last turned his Head. But a very lucky Circumstance for him is, that he fancies himself Archbishop of Toledo, and if he really be. not fo, he has the Pleasure of believing he is: and I think him still the more happy, as I look upon his Madness as a golden Dream in which he will continue all his Life; and as he will have no Account to give in the next World, how he has employ'd the Revenues of his Bishoprick 1. J. 2. in this.

The next is an Orphan, whom his Guardian made to pass for distracted, that he might seize his Estate; and the poor Youth is really become so at last, out of pure Grief to see himself shut up here. Next to him is a School-Master, who lost his Wits in search of the paulo post futurum of a Greek Verb: and the other a Merchant, whose Reason could not support the News of a Shipwreck, after having had the Courage to bear up against the Missortune of two Bankrupcies.

He whom you see beyond him, is old Captain Zanubio, a Neapolitan Gentleman, who came to settle at Madrid, and ran mad with Jealousse.

His Story runs thus:

He had a young Wife, whose Name was Aurora; he kept her out of Sight; his House was inaccessible to all Men. Aurora never went out but to Mass, and then was always accompany'd by her old Tithon, who sometimes carry'd her to an E-state which he had near Alcantara. Not with.

Notwithstanding all his vigilant Care, a certain Gentleman, whose Name was Don Garçia Sacheco, having seen her at Church, had conceived a violent Passion for her. He was a bold young Spark, and worth the Regard of a handsome Woman ill married.

The Difficulty of introducing himfelf to Zanubio did not remove his Hopes; but his Beard being not yet grown, and being a very beautiful Youth, he dress'd himself in Girls Cloaths, took a Purse of a hundred Pistoles, and went to Zanubio's Eflate, whither he had been inform'd by good Hands, that the Captain and his Wife would very foon come. He address'd himself to the Gardener's Wife, and in a Romantick Heroic Strain, said to her, I come to throw myself into your Arms, take pity on me; I am of Toledo, born of a good Family, and to a good Fortune: My Parents resolve to marry me to a Man I hate, and I have this Night escaped their Ty-L 2 Fanay,

ranny, and at present want a Shelter from their Rage. They will never come to look for me here; permit me to stay here, 'till my Relations come to more tender Sentiments for me. Here is my Purse, adds he, giving it to her, take it; 'tis all I can at present offer you. But, I hope, I shall one day be able to acknowledge any Service you shall do me.

The Gard'ner's Wife, touched with this Discourse, more especially with the Conclusion: My Daughter, said she, I will serve you; I know several young Women which are sacrificed to old Men, and withal know that they are not very well contented with them; alas, I feel part of their Griefs. You could not have address'd yourself to a more proper Person than myself, I will place you in a little private Chamber, where you shall be secure.

Don Garçia pass'd several days here very impatiently, expecting the Arrival of Aurora, who at last came, accompany'd by her Husband; who, according

Chap. IX. upon Two Sticks. 223 according to his Custom, searched all the Apartments, Closets, Cellars, and Garrets, to see if he could not discover any Man hidden there. The Gard'ner's Wife, knowing him thro'ly, prevented his searching Don Garcia's Chamber, by telling in what manner the pretended Lady had de-

sir'd a Refuge there.

Zanubio, tho' extreme distrustful, had not the least Suspicion of the Deceit. He was willing to see the unknown Lady, who desir'd to be excus'd from the Discovery of her Name, pretending she ow'd that Concealment to her Family, whom she disgraced by this sort of Flight. She then told her romantick Tale so advantageously, that the Captain was charm'd with it, and began to find a growing Inclination for the fair unknown. He offer'd her his Services, and slattering himself that this might prove a lucky Adventure, placed her with his Wife.

As foon as Aurora saw Don Garçia she blush'd, and grew disturbed,

L 4 without

without knowing why; he perceiv'd it, and believed that she had observed him in the Church where he had seen her: Wherefore to satisfie himself, as soon as he could speak to her alone, he said, Madam, I have a Brother has often mentioned you to me; he saw you for a Moment in a Church; ever since that time he has called upon your Name a thousand times a day, and is in a Condition which indeed deserves your Pity.

At these Words Aurora look'd on Don Garçia more intently than she had yet done, and answered, You too much resemble that Brother for me to be any longer deluded by your Artistice; I see clearly enough that you are a Cavalier in Petticoats: I remember that one day, when I was hearing Mass, my Veil suddenly slew open, and you saw me. I observed you out of Curiosity, and found your Eyes always six'd on me. When I went away I believe you did not fail to sollow me, to dis-

COVER

Chap. IX. upon Two Sticks. 225

cover in what Steet I liv'd, and who I was. I believe, I fay, because I durst not turn my Head to observe you, because my Husband, who was with me, would have been alarm'd, and made a great Crime of it. The next, and the following days, I went to the same Church, where I saw you again, and took fo much notice of your Face, that I know it again, not-

withstanding your Disguise.

Madam, then, replyed Don Garcia; I must unmask: Yes, I am a Man enfnar'd by your Charms: 'Tis Don' Garçia Pucheco, whom Love has introduced here in this Dress. And you hope, without doubt, faid the, that approving your Passion, I should favour this Stratagem, and contribute my Part to keep my Husband in the Error he now lies under; but there you are deceiv'd. I will immediately discover the whole to him; I am glad of fuch an handsome Opportunity of convincing him that his Vigilance is less secure than In Ing.

my Virtue, and that as jealous and distrustful as he is, 'tis more difficult

to furprize me than him.

She had scarce ended these Words before the Captain appear'd; What are you talking of, Ladies? said he. To which Aurora immediately anfwered: We were speaking of those young Cavaliers that attempt to get into the Affections of young Women who have old Husbands; and I was faying that if any of those Sparks should be fo rash as to presume to introduce themselves to you, under any disguise, I would very severely punish their Impudence.

And you, Madam, faid Zanubio, turning towards Don Garcia, how would you treat a young Cavalier on the same Occasion? Don Gartia was so diffurb'd and confus'd, that he was utterly at a Lofs what Anfwer to return to the Captain, who would have perceived the Perplexity he was in, if a Footman had not come to tell him that a Person was

come

Chap. IX. upon Two Sticks. 227 come from Madrid to speak with him.

He went to see what his Business was, when Don Garçia threw himfelf at Aurora's Feet: Ah, Madam! said he, what Pleasure do you take in tormenting me? Will you really be so barbarous as to deliver me over to the Resentment of an enraged Husband? No, Pacheco, answered she smiling; young Women, who have old jealous Husbands, are not so cruel. Reassume your Courage; I was willing to divert myself by putting you into a little Fright, but that shall be all; "tis not making you pay too dear for my Complaisance in suffering you to stay here. At these comforting Words Don Garçia found all his Fears vanish, and conceived Hopes that Aurora was so kind as to make good.

One Day when they were mutually exchanging some Marks of their good Understanding in Zanubio's Apartment, the Captain surprized them.

them. Had he not been the most jealous Man in the World, he law enough to engage him to believe with good Reason, that his fair Unknown was a Cavalier disguis'd: enrag'd to the highest degree at this Sight, he runs to his Closet to fetch his Pistols; but in the mean while the Lovers escaped, double locking all the Doors after them. and carrying off the Keys. They got to a neighbouring Village, where Don Garcia had left his Valet de Chambre and two Horses. There he quitted his Petticoats, took Aurora behind him, and conducted her to a Convent, where he desir'd her to enter, and affur'd her of a Refuge there, the Abbess being his Aunt. This done he return'd to Madrid to wait the Issue of this Adventure.

In the Interim, Zanubio finding himself lock'd in, loudly call'd all his Family. A Footman hearing his Voice, ran towards him, but the Doors being lock'd, he could not

open

Chap. IX. upon Two Sticks. 229 open them. The Captain endeavour'd to break them open, but not being able to get out that way quick enough, yielding to his Rage, he hastily slung himself out at a Window with the Pistols in his Hand: He fell upon his Back, hurt his Head, and remain'd senseless on the Ground. His Domesticks came and carry'd him into the Hall on a Couch; they threw Water in his Face, and by tormenting him fetch'd him out of his fainting Fit; but with his Senses his Rage return'd: He ask'd for his Wife. The Servants answer'd him, that they saw her and the frange Lady go out at the little Garden Door. He commanded them to give him his Pistols. immediately, and they were forced to obey him. He caus'd a Horse to be saddled, mounting it without thinking of his Wounds; but happen'd to take a different Road than that which the Lovers went. He pass'd the whole Day in a vain. Chafe.

230 The DEVIL Chap.IX.

Chase, and at Night stopping at an Inn in a Village to repose himself, his Fatigue, and the Blood which he had lost, threw him into a Fever and Delirium, which almost carry'd

him off.

To tell you the rest in two Words; be lay sisteen Days sick in that Village, after which he return'd to his Estate, where continually posses'd by his Missortune, he by degrees lost his Wits. Aurora's Friends were no sooner inform'd of this, than they brought him to Madrid, and shut him up in the Mad-house; and his Wife is yet in a Nunnery, where they resolve she shall stay some Years, as a Punishment for her Indiscretion, or rather a Fault for which they only are to blame.

The very next to Zanubio is Signior Don Blaz Desdichado, a Gentleman of great Merit. His Wise's Death is the Occasion of his being in the sad Condition wherein you see him. That is surprizing, said

Don

Don Cleofas: What! a Husband run mad for the Death of a Wife! really I did not think conjugal Love could be carried so high. Not so fast, interrupted Asmodeo, Don Blaz did not run mad with Grief for the Loss of his Wife, but for being forced to restore fifty thousand Ducats to his Wife's Relations, according to the Marriage Articles, in case they had no Children, which is this Gentleman's Missortune.

Oh, that alters the Affair, said Leandro, now I am no longer surprized at it. But pray tell me who that young Man is in the next Room, that is capering about like a Goat, and stopping now and then, bursts out into a Laugh, and holds his Sides all the while. That is a merry Madman, replyed the Cripple, and his Madness was caused by an Excess of Joy. He was a Porter to a Person of Quality, but hearing one Day of the Death of a rich Contador, whose only Heir he was, he was not Proof against

232 The DEVIL Chap. IX.

against so joyful a piece of News,

and fo his Head turned.

We are got to that tall Youth who plays upon the Guitar, and fings to himself. He is a melancholy Mad-man, a Lover whom the Severities of his Mistress have reduced to this Condition. Ah, how I pity him, cry'd the Scholar, allow me to deplore his Misfortune; it may be every honest Gentleman's Case. If I should be smitten by a cruel Beauty, I don't myfelf know whether I should not lose my Wits: By this Sentiment you shew yourself to be a true Castilian; one must be born in the very middle of Castile to be capable of ever running melancholy Mad for being unable to please. The French are not fo tender, and if you will know the Difference betwixt 2. Frenchman and a Spaniard on this Head, I need only repeat the Song which that Madman fings, and has just this Minute compofed.

A Spanish Song.

Ardo y lloro Sin Sossiego: Llorando y ardiendo tanto, Que ni el llanto apaga el fuego; Ni el fuego consume el llanto.

In Profe thus:

I burn and weep incessantly, without my Tears ever quenching my Flames, or my Flames drying up my Tears.

Thus sings the Spanish Cavalier, when his Mistress has us'd him ill; and on the same Occasion a Frenchman, a few Days since, express'd himself thus:

A French Song.

Th' ungrateful Object of my Love
Is deaf to all my Pray'rs:
Her cruel Heart no Sighs can move,
Nor is she soften'd by my Tears.
Was

234 The DEVIL Chap. IX.

Was ever Mortal curs'd like me!
The Light, and ever-glorious Sun,
Henceforth abandon'd will I shun,
And in the Grave with Payen lye.

Payen is probably a Vintner? said Don Cleofas. You have guess'd right, said the Devil. Let us go on, and examine the rest. No, said Leandro, let us rather go to the Women, and I am impatient to see them; I will comply with your Impatience presently, reply'd the Spirit, but there are two or three unfortunate People that I should be glad to shew you first; perhaps you may improve by their Missortune.

In the next Room to the Man playing on the Guittar, don't you fee a pale meagre Face, grinding his Teeth, and looking as if he intended to swallow the Iron Bars at his Window? That is an honest Fellow, born under so unlucky a Planet, that with all the Merit in the world, and twenty years Endeavours,

vours, he has not been able to fecure himself Bread. He ran mad at feeing a little inconfiderable Fellow of his Acquaintance mount in one day to the top of Fortune's Wheelby nothing but his knowledge of Arithmetick.

His Neighbour is an old Secretary, whose Noddle is crack'd by the Ingratitude of a Courtier, whom he had ferv'd for fixty Years. He is a Servant whose Zeal and Fidelity can never be fufficiently commended, for he never ask'd any thing, but was fatisfy'd with letting his Care and Services speak for him. Yet his Master, very different from Archelaus King of Macedon, who deny'd Favours when ask'd, and bestow'd them unask'd, is dead without making him any Recompence; and left him but just enough to pass his-days here in Misery, and among Madmen.

u

n u

-

is

-

1-

C 1.

5,

One more, and I have done. It is he leaning with his Elbows on the Window, buried in profound Me-

Meditation. In him you fee a Signior Hidalgo of Tafalla, a small Town in Navarre; he remov'd to Madrid, and employ'd his Money to a fine purpose; for he was mad enough to make an Acquaintance with all the Beaux-Esprits, and treat them every day of his Life. Every day was a day of Entertainment at his House; and tho' the Authors, an ungrateful and churlish Tribe, laugh'd at him whilst they were eating him up; yet he never would rest 'till he had spent all his little Fortune upon them. No doubt, said Zambullo, he is run mad with Vexation at having ruin'd himself so foolishly; quite the contrary, reply'd Asmodeo, it is to see himself not in a condition to continue the fame Life.

C

t

E

0

V

Ti

i

C

to

n

ol

ro

ol

T

lo

Let us now come to the Women. How comes it, said the Scholar, that I see but seven or eight! there are sewer Women mad than I thought. All of them are not here, reply'd the Damon smiling; but in another

Chap. IX. upon Two Sticks.

C

e

d

0

.

e

1.

C

n

3

37

another part of the City, there is a great House quite sull of them. I'll carry you thither this minute, if you please. That is needless, answer'd Don Cleosas, I will content my self with what are here. You are in the right, reply'd the Cripple, for they are almost all young Ladies, and of Distinction; and you may judge by the neatness of their Rooms, that they cannot be ordinary Women. But let me inform you of the Causes of their Distraction.

The first is a Corregidor's Lady, whose Head was turn'd by the outrageous Passion she fell into at being called a Citizen's Wife by a Court Lady. The second is Wife to the Treasurer-General of the Council of the Indies; and she is run mad with Vexation at being oblig'd to turn her Coach in a narrow street, to make way for that of the Dutchess of Medina Celi's. The third is a Merchant's Widow, out of her Wits with spite for losing a great Lord, whom she hoped

to marry. And the fourth is a Girl of Quality, named Donna Beatrix, whose Misfortune I must tell you.

This Lady had a Friend call'd Donna Mencia, whom she saw every A Knight of the Order of St. Jago, a well-made gallant young Fellow, became acquainted with them, and foon made them Rivals: for they both vigoroufly disputed his Heart, but he inclin'd to Donna Mencia's Side, fo she was in a short time married to him.

Donna Beatrix, jealous of the Power of her Charms, conceived a mortal Spite at having the Preference given against her, and like a right Spaniard, entertain'd a violent defire of Revenge, when she receiv'd a Letter from Don. Jacintho de Romarate, another Lover of Don-na Mercia's, wherein he tells her that being as much mortify'd at his Mistress's Wedding as she herself was, he had refolv'd to fight the Cavalier who had robb'd him of her. s in Auto I thank in The

This was a very agreeable Letter to Donna Beatrix, who desiring only the Death of the Offender, wish'd for nothing more than that Don Jacintho would take away his Rival's Life; but whilft she was impatiently waiting for fo Christian-like a Satisfaction, it happen'd that her Brother having accidentally quarrell'd with Don Jacintho, they drew, and he receiv'd two Wounds of which he died. It was Donna Beatrix's duty to bring the Murtherer to Justice, which however she neglected, in order to give him time to attack the Knight of St. Jago; and this proves that a Woman holds no Confideration fo dear as that of her Beauty. And it was thus Pallas behav'd to Ajax, after he had ravish'd Cassandra. For the Goddess did not immediately punish the facrilegious Greek, who had just been prophaning her Temple, but refolv'd he should contribute toward revenging her for the Judgment of Paris. But, alas! Donna Beatrix, less fortunate ...

(1)

nate than Minerva, did not tafte the Pleasure of being reveng'd; for Romarate perish'd in his Rencounter with the Knight, and the Lady's Chagrin to see an Affront which had been offer'd her, go unpunish'd,

has turn'd her Brain.

The two following Mad-women are an Attorney's Grand-mother, and an old Marchioness. The former having sufficiently plagued her Grand-son by her ill nature, he has very fairly shut her up here, to rid his hands of her. The other is a Lady who has all her life-time been worshipping her Beauty. Instead of growing old with a good grace, she was perpetually bemoaning the Ruin of her Charms, and at last one day happening to look into a Glass that did not flatter, fell mad.

As for the old Marchioness, said Leandro, I think it a lucky Accident; as her Mind is disorder'd, perhaps she no longer finds that Time has made any alteration in her Person.

No,

No, certainly, reply'd the Devil; far from seeing any thing like Age in her Face, her Complexion seems to her a mixture of Lillies and Roses, the Loves and Graces appear at her fide, and, in short, she thinks her felf the Goddess Venus: Well then, reply'd the Scholar, is not she the happier in her Madness, than if could fee herfelf just as the really is? Doubtless she is, said Asmodeo - but hold; --- we have but one Lady more; she is in the furthermost Room, who is just fallen into a deep Sleep after three Days and Nights of raving. It is Donna Emerenciana. Examine hef well: what fay you to her? I think her perfectly handsome, answer'd Zambullo, what pity it is fo charming a Creature should be mad! By what Accident has she been reduced to so deplorable a Condition? Listen attentively, reply'd the Cripple, and you shall hear the Story of her Misfortune.

VOL. I. M The .

PHACITES THE PROJECT OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR

The History of Donna Emerenciana.

Do NNA Emerenciana was the only Daughter of Don Guillem Stephani, and liv'd at ease at her Father's House in Siguença, 'till Don Ximenes de Lizana broke in upon her Quiet, by the Gallantries he put in practice to please her. She was not only sensible of the Cavalier's Assiduities, but was so weak to help forward the Stratagems he employ'd to get at the Speech of her, and soon gave him her Faith, and received his.

These two Lovers were of equal Birth; but the Lady might pass for one of the best Fortunes in Spain, whereas Don Ximenes was no more than a younger Brother. There was still another Obstacle to their Union. Don Guillem hated the Family

of

of Lizana; which he shew'd but too plainly by his Discourse, whenever that Family was the subject of Conversation. He seem'd even to have a greater Aversion for Don Ximenes, than for the rest of his Race. Emerenciana, extremely afflicted to see her Father in such a Disposition, took it as an ill Omen to her Love. However she did not scruple to give a Loose to her Inclinations, and to converse privately with Lizana, who was introduced to her from time to time at Night by the means of her Woman.

One of those Nights it happen'd, that Don Guillem, who by chance waked just as the Lover was coming in, thought he heard something in his Daughter's Apartment, which was not far from his own. There needed no more to make so distrustful a Parent uneasy. However, as suspicious as he was, Emerenciana's Conduct had been so artful, that he never suspected her Correspondence M 2 with

244 The DEVIL Chap. IX.

with Don Ximenes. But not being one of that fort of Men who carry their Confidence too far, he got up very foftly, went and open'd a Window that look'd into the Street, and had the Patience to flay there, 'till he faw Lizana go down by a Rope-Ladder into the Street, and knew

him by the light of the Moon.

What a fight was this for Stephani. the most revengeful and barbarous Man that Sicily, the Place of his Birth, ever produced! He did not immediately yield to the Dictates of his Passion, but carefully avoided making a noise, which might have depriv'd him of the principal Victim of his Resentments. He put a conftraint upon himself, and waited 'till his Daughter was up the next day before he went into her Apartment. There, finding himself alone with her, and looking at her with Eyes sparkling with rage; Wretch, said he, who notwithstanding thy noble Blood, art not ashamed to be guilty of

Chap. IX. upon Two Sticks.

145

of the most infamous Actions, prepare thy self to suffer the Punishment thou hast deserved. This Steel, added he, drawing a Poignard out of his Bosom, this Steel shall rob thee of Life, if thou dost not confess the Truth. Tell me the Name of that audacious Villain who came hither last Night to dishonour my House.

Emerenciana remain'd quite speechless, and so confounded at her Father's Threats, that she could not bring out a Word. Ah! Wretch, continued her Father, thy Silence and Confusion shew me thy Guilt but too plain. And do'ft thou imagine, Daughter unworthy of me, that I am to learn what has pass'd, Last Night I saw the audacious Villain, it is Don Ximenes. It was not enough to admit a Cavalier into thy Apartment at Night, but he must be my mortal Enemy too. But come, let us know how far I am injured. Speak without Difguile; M 3 for

for it is thy Sincerity alone can pre-

ferve thy Life.

The Lady, at these words entertaining hopes of escaping the dismal Fate that threaten'd her, recover'd in some measure from her Fright, and answer'd Don Guillem thus! My Lord, said she, I could not help hearing Lizana, but Heaven is witness of the Purity of his Sentiments. As he knows you hate his Family, he has not yet dared to ask your Confent; and it was only to confer together about the means of obtaining it, that I sometimes granted him Admission. And whom did you both make use of, reply'd Stephani, to One of your Pages, answer'd the Lady, did us that Service. That is all I would know, reply'd the Father: now for my Design. Whereupon, with the Dagger still in his Hand, he made her take Pen and Ink, and write her Lover this Letter, which he dictated himself. Dearest

Dearest Husband, only Joy of my Life, I am to tell you that my Father is just gone into the Country, from whence he returns to-morrow. Make use of the Opportunity. I flatter my self that you will wait for Night with as much Impatience as my self.

When Emerenciana had written and sealed this perfidious Biller, Don Guillem bid her call the Page who had fo well acquitted himself of the Commission he had been charged with, and order him to carry that Letter to Don Ximenes. But do not hope to deceive me, added he, for I will lie conceal'd somewhere here. and observe thee narrowly when thou givest it to him; and if thou fay'ft a Word to him, or givelt him the least Sign that may make him fuspect the Message, I will immediately plunge the Dagger in thy Heart. Emerenciana knew her Father's Temper too well to dare to disobey him. She gave the Billet into the Page's Hands, as usual 100

M 4

Stephani

Stephani then put up the Poignard, but did not leave his Daughter one moment all the Day; he would not let her speak to any body out of his fight, and manag'd so well, that Lizana could receive no Information of the Snare that was laid for him. The young Gentleman was exact to the Appointment. Scarce was he got within the Doors, when he found himself immediately laid hold on by three lufty Fellows, who difarm'd him without giving him an opportunity of defending himself, gagg'd him for fear of his crying out, and tyed his Hands behind him. At the same instant they put him, in this Condition, into a Coach, that had been prepar'd for the purpose; and all three went into it, to make fure of the Cavalier, whom they carry'd to Stephani's Country Seat, fituated at the Village of Miédes, about four short Leagues from Siguença. The moment after, Don Guillem fat out in another Coach with his DaughChap. IX. upon Two Sticks. 249
Daughter, two Maids, and an old ill-natur'd Duenna, whom he had hired that Afternoon. He took with him the rest of his Family, except an old Domestic, who knew nothing of the carrying away of Lizana.

Before Day-break they all arriv'd at Miédes. Stephani's first Care was to see Don Ximenes secur'd in a Dungeon, which let in a small glimmering by a Hole too straight for a Man to get through. He then order'd Julio, a Servant privy to his Designs, to give him no other Nourishment than Bread and Water, nor any other Bed than Straw, and to fay to him, every time he carry'd him his Allowance, Here, base Seducer, it is thus Don Guillem treats those that dare injure bim. The cruel Sicilian used his Daughter with no less Severity; he shut her up in a Room that had no Window towards the Fields, remov'd her Woman, and gave her the Duenna he MS had

had chosen, for her Goaler; a Duenna that could not be parallel'd in the World for tormenting young Ladies committed to her charge.

In this manner he disposed of the two Lovers: but his Intention was not to stop there. He had refolv'd to rid himself of Don Ximenes; but ftill he fain would have committed that Crime with Impunity, which however feem'd pretty difficult to effect. As he had made use of his own Servants to carry off the Cavalier, he could not hope that a Fact, known to fo many, could perpetually remain a Secret. What then was to be done to escape the Pursuits of Justice? He determin'd upon an Expedient, which shew'd him to be a compleat Villain. call'd together his Accomplices into a small House separate from the Castle. He told them how pleased he was with their Zeal, and in acknowledgment, promised them a large Reward, after he had entertain'd

tain'd them. He made them fit down to table, and in the midst of the Entertainment, Julio poison'd them by his order. Then the Masser and the Man set Fire to the House, and before the Flames could bring in the Inhabitants of the Village about him, they assistanted Emerenciana's two Maids, and the little Page I mentin'd before, and then threw their Bodies to the rest. In a short time the House was all in slames, and burnt to the ground, notwithstanding all the neighbouring Peasants could do to entinguish it. All this while the Sicilian was to be seen shewing all the Signs of a most immoderate Grief. He appear'd inconsolable at the Loss of his Servants.

Having in this manner made sure of the Discretion of such, in whole Power it was to have betray'd him, he thus address'd himself to his Consident. Dear Julio, now I am at rest, and may take away Don Ximenes's

252 The DEVIL Chap. IX.

menes's Life whenever I please. But before I sacrifice him to my Honour, I will enjoy the charming Pleasure of seeing him suffer. The Misery and Horrour of a long Imprisonment will be more cruel to him than Death. And indeed, Lizana was continually bewailing his ill Fortune, and being persuaded he should never get out of the Dungeon, wish'd to be freed from his Sufferings by a sudden Death.

But it was in vain that Stephani hoped his Mind would be at rest after such an Exploit. In three days a fresh Uneasiness came upon him. He was apprehensive that Julio, when he carry'd the Prisoner his Food, might be gain'd over by Promises; and that Fear made him determine to hasten the Death of the one, and then to shoot the other. Julio too, on his side, was not without his Fears; and judging that his Master, after ridding himself of Don Ximenes, might very probably sacrifice him

a sousses

Chap. IX. upon Two Sticks.

253

him to his own Safety, formed the Design of making his Escape the first opportunity, with every thing in the House that could be carry d

off with the greatest Ease.

These were the Contrivances of those two good Men, each unknown to the other, when they were one day both furpriz'd about a hundred Paces from the Castle by fifteen or twenty Archers of the holy Brotherbood, who furrounded them, immediately crying out, By order of the King, and of Justice. At this fight, Don Guillem turn'd pale, and was confounded. However, setting a good face upon the matter, he ask'd the Commandant, whom his Business was with? With your felf, answer'd the Officer. You are charg'd with carrying away Don Ximenes de Lizana. I am order'd to make a strict Search for that Gentleman all over your Castle, and to secure your Person. Stephani being convinced by this Answer, that he was undone, fell into

254 The DEVIL Chap. IX.

into a violent Rage. He drew out a pair of Pistols, infifted he would not fuffer his House to be fearch'd. and threaten'd to shoot the Commandant if he did not presently draw off with his Men. The Captain despising his Threats, advanced upon the Sicilian, who let off a Pistol at him, and wounded him in the Face. But that Wound cost the rash Man that gave it his Life; for two or three Archers fired upon him that instant, and to revenge their Officer, laid him dead upon the spot. As for Julio, he furrender'd himfelf without any Refistance, and did not give them the trouble of asking whether Don Ximenes was in the Castle, but confessed every thing: However, feeing his Master lifeles, he threw all the Villany upon him.

In short, he took the Commandant and his Archers to the Dungeon, where they found Lizana fast bound, lying upon Straw. The poor Gentleman, who liv'd in continual

expectation of Death, thought that fo many Men in Arms were not come thither upon any other design than to kill him: but was agreeably surprized to find that they, whom he took for his Executioners, were his Deliverers. When they had unbound and brought him out of the Dungeon, he thank'd them for his Deliverance, and asked them how they came to know he was a Prisoner there. That is, said the Commandant, what I am going to tell you in few Words.

The Night you was carry'd off, pursu'd he, one of those concern'd in it, who had a Mistress that siv'd within a sew Doors from Stephani, going to take his Leave of her before he sat out, was so indiscreet to discover Stephani's Project to her. The Woman kept it secret for two or three days; but as the Report of the Fire at Miédes began to spread all over Siguença, and as it seem'd strange to every body, that the Sicilian's

cilian's Servants should all perish in it; she bethought herself that it might be the handy-work of Don Guillem. So, to revenge her Lover. the went to Don Felix, your Father, and told him all she knew. Don Felix, frighten'd to see you at the Mercy of a Man capable of any thing, carry'd the Woman before the Corregidor, who having examin'd her, did not doubt but Stephani intended you should suffer the longest and most cruel Torments, and that he was the horrid Contriver of the Fire. And resolving to go to the bottom of the Affair, sent me an Order to Retortillo, where I live, to mount, and hasten hither with my Brigade in order to fearch for you, and bring Don Guillem alive or dead. I perform'd my Commission, in what relates to you, with Success; but am very forry it is out of my Power to carry the Criminal to Siguença alive. He has put us under a necessity of killing him by the Resistance he made. The

The Officer having ended his Story thus, faid to Don Ximenes; Signior Cavalier, I am going to draw up Informations of all that has happen'd here, after which we will fet out, in order to comply with the Impatience you must be in of ridding your Family of the Uneafiness they feel upon your account. Sir, cry'd Julio, I will furnish you with fresh matter to enlarge your Informations. You have still another Prisoner to set at Liberty. Donna Emerenciana is shut up in a dark Room, where a merciles Duenna is continually mortifying her, and never allows her a moment's Rest. O Heaven, cry'd Lizana, the cruel Stephani then was not fatisfy'd with exercifing his Barbarity upon me! let us go this moment and deliver that unhappy Lady from the Tyranny of her Governante.

Thereupon Julio carried the Commandant and Don Ximenes with five or fix Archers to the Chamber which

258 The DEVIL Chap. IX which ferv'd Don Guillem's Daughter for a Prison. They knock'd at the Door, and the Duenna came and open'd it. You eafily guess the Pleafure that Lizana felt at the fight of his Mistress, after he had despair'd of ever possessing her. He perceiv'd his Hope return, or rather he could not doubt of his Happiness, fince the only Person that could pretend to oppose it, was dead. As soon as he saw Emerenciana, he ran and threw himself at her Feet; but who can express his Concern, when instead of meeting with a Mistress ready to receive his Transports, he found no body but a Lady bereft of.

been so tormented by the Duenna that she was run mad. She continu'd some time in deep Thought, then on a sudden imagining she was the fair Angelica, besieg'd by the Tartars in the Fortress of Albraca, she consider'd all the Men that

her Understanding. In effect, she had

were in her Room, as so many Pa-

ladins come to her Assistance. She took the Captain of the Holy Brotherhood for Orlando, Lizana for Brandismart, Julio for Hubert of the Lion, and the Archers for Antifort, Clarion, Adrian, and the two Sons of the Marquis Oliver. She receiv'd them with great Politeness, saying, Brave Knights, I no longer fear the Emperor Agrican, nor Queen Marphisa: Your Valour is able to defend me against all the Force of the Universe.

At this extravagant Discourse, the Officer and Archers could not help laughing. But it was far otherwise with Don Ximenes, who, sensibly afflicted to see his Mistress in so sad a Condition for his sake, was, in his turn, near losing his Senses. However he still flatter'd himself, she might be brought to herself, and in this hope, My dear Emerenciana, said he with a tender Air, see here your Lizana. Recollect your wandring Thoughts. Know that our Missortunes are at an End. Heaven would not suffer two Hearts.

260 The DEVIL Chap. IX.

Heart it had joined, to be separated: and the inhuman Parent, who has used us so ill, can now no longer cross

our Designs.

The Daughter of King Galafron's Answer to this, was a Discourse addressed to the valiant Defenders of Albraca, who for once forbore laughing. The Commandant himfelf, tho' naturally very far from being tenderhearted, felt some touches of Compassion, and said to Don Ximenes, whom he faw born down by his Grief, Signior Cavalier, do not defpair of your Mistres's Recovery. You have Physicians at Siguença, who by their Skill may accomplish it. But let us not stay here any longer. You, Lord Hubert of the Lion, added he, speaking to Julio, you know where the Stables of the Castle are, take with you Antifort, and the two Sons of the Marquis Oliver. Chuse the best Steeds there, and put them into the Princess's Chariot. In the mean time I will draw up my Informations. Upon

Upon this, he took out of his Pocket an Inkhorn and Paper, and having written what he thought proper, presented his Hand to Angelica to help her to go down into the Court-yard, where by the Care of the Patadins, they found a Coach with four Mules ready to fet out. He put the Lady and Don Ximenes into it, and then went in himself; he took the Duenna with him too, whose Deposition he thought the Corregidor would be glad of. That was not all; by the Captain of the Brigade's Order, Julio was loaded with Irons, and put into another Coach with Don Guillem's Corpse. The Archers then remounted their Horses. and they all fat out for Siguença.

During their Journey, Stephani's Daughter said a thousand extravagant things, which were so many Daggers to her Lover. He could not look on the Duenna without falling into a Passion. It is you, cruel old Hag, said he, it is you that have

harrass'd

harras'd Emerenciana by your cruel Treatment, and turned her Brain. The Governante excus'd herself with an hypocritical Air, and threw all the blame on the Deceased. It is to Don Guillem only, answered she, that this Missortune is owing. That too severe Parent came every Day, and terrified his Daughter with his Menaces, which at last made her run mad.

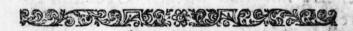
As foon as the Commandant arrived at Siguença, he went and gave an Account of his Commission to the Corregidor, who upon the fpor interrogated Julio and the Duenna and fent them to Prisons in the City, where they still remain. He also examined Lizana, who then took his Leave, and went home to his Father's, where he turned their Sorrow and Uneafiness into Joy. As for Donna Emerenciana, the Corregidor took Care to fend her to Madrid, where she had an Uncle by her Mother's side. This good Relation,

lation, who only wanted to have the Administration of his Neice's Estate, could not handsomely avoid appearing to desire her Recovery, and applied to the most celebrated Physicians: nor had he any Occasion to repent it, for after all their Pains had been thrown away, they pronounced her incurable. Upon this Decision, the Guardian immediately shut up his Charge here, where, according to all Probability, she will spend the rest of her Days.

Cruel Deftiny, cry'd Don Cleofas! I am heartily concerned for her. Donna Emerenciana deserved a better Fate. And what is become of Don Ximenes? continued he; I should be glad to know what Resolution he has taken. A very reasonable one, replyed Asmodéo. When he saw the Evil was without Remedy, he sat out for new Spain: he hopes his Travels will by degrees wear out of his Mind the Remembrance of a Lady, whom his Reason and Repose require

264 The DEVIL Chap. X.

require he should forget---- But, pursued the Devil, having shewn you the confin'd mad Folks, I must let you see those who deserve to be so.



CHAP. X.

The Matter of which is inexhaustible.

Let's turn our Eyes towards the City, and as I shall discover to you some Subjects which very well deserve to be placed amongst those that are here, I will give you their respective Characters. I see one already which I will not suffer to escape. 'Tis a new-marry'd Man, who eight Days since was told of the coquetting Tricks of a Jilt that he lov'd; enrag'd he goes to her, breaks one part of her Furniture, throws another out of the Window,

Window, and the next Day marries her. Such a Man as this, faid Don Cleofas, certainly deferves the first Vacancy in this House. He has a Neighbour not much wifer than himself, reply'd Asmodeo: 'tis a Batchelor of forty five, who has fufficient to live on, and yet would enter himself in a Nobleman's Service. I see a Lawyer's Widow, a good Woman who is above fixty: her Husband is just dead, and she has enter'd herfelf into a Nunnery to secure her Reputation, as she says. from Scandal.

I discern a couple of Virgins of above fifty, each making Vows to Heaven to take their Father, who keeps them up as close as tho' they were under Age. They hope, after the old Gentleman's Death, they shall find handsome Men that will marry them for Love. And why not? faid the Scholar: There we Men in the World of as whimfical a Taste as that. I grant it, reply'd VOL. I.

the Devil, 'tis not impossible they should find Husbands, but they ought not to flatter themselves with fuch Hopes; 'tis therein confifts their Folly ogh 180y to and used

There is no Country in the World where the Women tell their Age truly. About a Month fince, a Maid of forty eight, and a Wife of fixty nine, went before a Commissary to testifie for a Widow of their Acquaintance whose Virtue was questioned. The Commissary first interrogated the married Woman on her Age, and the' it was as plainly expres'd in her Forehead as in the Church Register, she yet boldly ventur'd to say she was but forty. He next interrogated the Maiden: And you, Madam, faid he, how old are you? Let's pass on to the other Questions, Sir, answered the, for this is an improper one to put to us. You don't confider what you say, Madam, reply'd the Commissary; don't you know that in judicial

dicial Cases the Truth ought always to be told? No Law obliges us to it, answered the Maiden hastily. But then I cannot take your Deposition, said he, if your Age be not to it, for it is a material Circumstance. If 'tis absolutely necessary, reply'd she, look upon me intently, and put my Age down according to your Conscience.

The Commissary looked in her Face, and was polite enough to fer her down twenty eight. He then asked whether the had long known the Widow: Before her Marriage, faid she. Then I have mistaken your Age, reply'd he, in fetting you down but twenty eight, for it is twenty nine Years fince the Widow was married. Well, Sir, returned the Maiden, write me down thirty then; I might at a Year old know the Widow. That will not be regular, reply'd he, let us add a dozen. No indeed, interrupted she; all that I can possibly afford to add is one N 2 Year

Year more, and I would not put a Month more if it were to fave my Honour.

When these two Ladies were gone from the Commissary's, the married Woman faid to the other, I wonder that impertinent Fellow should take us for such Fools as to tell our Ages truly: 'Tis not enough indeed that they are register'd in the Parish Books, but the rude Fellow would have them upon his Papers, that all the World may know them. Would it not be fine to hear it baul'd out in Court, Mrs. Richards aged fo many Years, and Mrs. Perinelle aged forty five Years, depofe fo and fo. Well, I banter'd him fufficiently; I funk a good round twenty Years upon him, and you have done very well in suppressing so many. What do you call fo many? answer'd the Maiden very smartly: You rally me, I am at most but five and thirty. Hah! replyed the other with an angry Air, who do you tell

tell fo? I saw you born; 'tis a long time fince indeed: I remember I faw your Father die; he was not young, and he hath been dead about forty Years. Oh my Father, my Father, hastily interrupted the Virgin, enraged at the other's Freedom; betwixt you and I, when my Father married my Mother he was fo old he was not able to get Children.

I observe in the same House, continu'd the Spirit, two Men who are not over-wife: one is the only Son of the Family, who can neither keep any Money, not be without it. When he is flush of Money he buys Books, and when it begins to be low with him, he fells them for half what they cost him. The other is a foreign Painter, who draws Women by the Life: he is a great Artist, he paints well, draws correctly, and hits a Likeness extraordinary well, but does not flatter; and yet is fo vain as to think he should be crouded N 2

270 The DEVIL Chap. X. crouded with Business. Inter Stul-

tos referatur.

How, said the Scholar, you speak Latin to a Miracle! Ought you to wonder at that? said the Devil; I speak all Languages in Perfection, even not excepting that of Athens, which I speak a hundred times better than a certain Set of Men who at present value themselves on speaking well, and yet I am neither the greater Fool, nor the vainer for it.

Cast your Eye into that great House on the left hand, on a sick Lady, surrounded by several Women who watch with her. 'Tis the Widow of a samous rich Architect, who is over-run with an Affectation of Nobility: She has this Day made her Will, by which she bequeaths her immense Riches wholly to Persons of the first Quality; not that she so much as knows any one of them, but only for the sake of their great Titles. She was ask'd whether she would not leave something

thing to a certain Person who had done her considerable Services: Alas no, answered she, and I am concern'd at it: I am not so ungrateful as not to own that I have Obligations to him; but he is but a Yeoman, and his Name would dif-

grace my Will.

Signior Asmodeo, interrupted Don Cleofas, I beg you would inform me whether that old Man whom I fee reading so hard in a Closet may not perhaps deserve to be placed here? He deserves it beyond dispute, answer'd the Damon. He is an old Licenciado in Divinity, and is reading a Proof of a Book he has at the Press. The Subject must certainly be moral or divine, said the Scholar: No, reply'd the Devil, 'tis a Mifcellany of lewd Poems which he has written; instead of burning them, or at least suffering them to die with their Author, he prints them in his Life-time, for fear his Heirs should not be inclin'd to publish them af-N 4 ter

272 The DEVIL Chap. X.

his Character, should deprive them

of all their Salt and Spirit.

I should do wrong to pass by a simple Woman, I discover in a little House. She is so much possessed with her very little Merit, that she is drawing up a List of her Lovers, in which she inserts all Men in ge-

neral who ever spoke to her.

But let us come to a rich Canon that I discern about two Paces farther, tainted with a very particular Folly. He lives frugally, tho' 'tis neither for Mortification, nor Sobriety: but to amass Riches. For what? To distribute in Alms? No. He buys Pictures, rich Furniture, Jewels, China, and Baubles; not to enjoy the use of them during his Life, but only to make a Figure in his Inventory.

What you tell me is unnatural and forced, interrupted Don Cleofas. Is there really a Man in the World of this Character? Yes, I tell you,

reply'd

reply'd the Devil, he is one of that fort of Madmen. Does he, for Instance, buy a very fine Scritore; he causes it to be pack'd up neatly, and locked up in his Garret, that it may appear perfectly new to the Brokers who are to buy it after his Death. In short, he pleases himself with the Thoughts that the Inventory of his Goods will be admired.

Let us proceed to one of his Neighbours, whom you will think full as mad; he is a Batchelor, and lately arrived at Madrid from the Philippine Islands with a vast Estate, left him by his Father, who was Auditor of the Court of Manilla; his Conduct is very extraordinary: for he is to be seen passing the whole Day in the Antichamber of the King, and of the chief Minister. Not that he has the Ambition to follicite any great Post; no, he neither defires nor asks any. How then! fay you, does he go thither purely to make his Court. You are farther

274 The DEVIL Chap. X.

off still: he never speaks to the Minister, neither is he known to him, nor desires to be so. What then can his Motive be? Why this: He would persuade the World he has

an Interest.

A very diverting Original, cry'd the Scholar burfting into a Laugh! but this is giving ones self a great deal of Trouble to very little Purpose; and I think you are in the right to rank him amongst such mad People as ought to be confined. Oh! as to that, replyed Asmodeo, I shall shew you a great many more whom it would be wrong to think a whit more in their Senses: for example, do but look into that great House where you see so many Wax Tapers lighted up, and three Men and two Ladies round a Table. Now these People have just supp'd, and are at present sat down to Cards in order to fpend the rest of the Night, after which they will part: and this is the Life these Gentlemen and Ladies

dies lead. They meet regularly every Night, and part at day-break to go sleep, till Darkness has banish'd the Day; for they have renounced the Sight of the Sun, and of the Beauties of Nature. Would you not say, to see them in the midst of so many Candles, that they are so many dead People waiting for the last Office being done them? Well then, said Don Cleofas, there is no Occasion for shutting them up, they are shut up already.

I see in the Arms of Sleep, replyed the Cripple, a Man whom I love, and who has a particular Affection for me, a Man moulded according to my Heart's Desire. He is an old Graduate, who idolizes the fair Sex. You cannot mention a pretty Girl to him, but you find he listens to you with an extraordinary Pleasure. If you tell him she has a small Mouth, red Lips, Ivory Teeth, or a Complexion of Alabaster; in a Word, if you are the least particular in your Descrip-

276 The DEVIL Chap. X.

Description; he sighs at every Feature, turns up his Eyes, and dissolves in Raptures. It is but two Days fince passing by a Shoemaker's Shop in Alcala Street, he stopp'd short to admire a very small Woman's Slipper he faw there; and having furvey'd it with much more Attention than it deserved, he said, with a dying Air, to a Gentleman that was with him, Ah, my dear Friend, there's a Slipper that enchants me! What a charming pretty Foot that must be, that it was made for! But let us be gone, for I am too much pleased with it, and it is dangerous to go thro' this Street.

We must mark this Graduate with Black, said Leandro Perez. Right, reply'd the Devil, we must so; nor must his next Neighbour be mark'd with White; an Original of an Auditor, who because he has an Equipage, blushes with Shame whenever he is oblig'd to make use of Hackney-Coach. And I think we

may

may place in the same Rank one of his Relations, a Licenciado, who tho he has a Dignity of a vast Revenue in a Church at Madrid, yet almost perpetually goes in a Hackney-Coach to save two very neat ones, and four fine Mules of his own.

In the Neighbourhood of the worthy Graduate and Auditor, I perceive a Man who must not be deny'd the Justice of being placed amongst the mad Folks; a Cavalier of sixty making Love to a young Creature. He sees her every Day, and thinks to be agreeable to her, by entertaining her with the Conquests he made in his younger Days, and would have her esteem him for his having been formerly hand-some.

In the same Number with this Gentleman, let us place another who is asleep about ten Paces from us, a French Count who is come to Madrid to see the Spanish Court. This old Nobleman is upwards of seventy, and

and in his Youth made a Figure at the Court of his own King: All the World at that time admir'd his Shape, and gallant Air, but his Taste and manner of Dress charmed every body. Now this Gentleman has preserved all his Cloaths, and worn them these sifty Years in spite of the Mode, which in his Country changes every Day. But the most diverting Circumstance is, that he imagines he has the same Graces at this Day which were admired in him in his Youth.

We need not consider upon this Matter, said Don Cleofas, let this French Lord go into the Number of those that ought to be Boarders at the easa de los locos. I keep a Room there, replyed the Damon, for a Lady that lives in a Garret on one side the Count's Palace. She is an elderly Widow, who out of excess of Tenderness to her Children, has made over all her Estate to them, except a very small Allowance to subsist

Chap. X. upon Two Sticks. 279

subsist on, which her Children are obliged to make her, and which out of Gratitude they take great Care

not to pay a sed up bus see the

I must likewise send thither an old Batchelor of a good Family, who no fooner has a Guinea in his Pocket than it is gone; and yet not being able to support the want of Money, will do any thing to come at it. About a Fortnight ago his Laundress, to whom he ow'd thirty Pistoles, came and desir'd he would pay her, telling him the wanted it in order to be married to a Valet de Chambre who courted her. Thou must have other Money then, said he, for what Devil of a Valet de Chambre would have thee for fifty Pistoles? Oh dear! yes, Sir, faid she, I have two bundred Ducats besides. Two hundred Ducats, faid he eagerly! Gadio! Theu haft nothing to do, but to give them to me, and I will have thee, and fo we are even. His Laundress took him at his Word. and is now his Wife. Let

280 The DEVIL Chap. X

Let us keep thee Places for those three Men just come from Supper in the City, who are now stepping into that House on the right, where they live. One of them is a Count who sets up for a Lover of polite Learning: The other is his Brother. a Licenciado; and the third is a Wit; that hangs on 'em. They are always inseparable, and never visit afunder. The Count's fole business is to praise himself; that of the Licenciado, to praise his elder Brother and himself: But the Wit's business is of a larger Extent, he praises both of them, intermixing his own Commendations with theirs

Two more Places must be kept; one for an old Citizen, a great Florist, who having scarce enough to subsist on, is for keeping a Gardener and his Wife, to look after a dozen of Flowers in his Garden. The other is an Actor, who complaining of the Disadvantages incident to that way of Life, said the other Day

Gentlemen, I am very much tired with this Profession, nay I would rather be an inconsiderable Country Gentleman of a thousand Ducats a year.

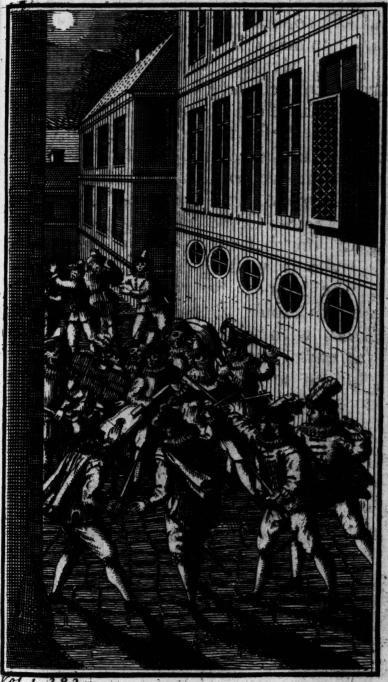
Let me turn on which Side I will, continued the Spirit, I meet with nothing but People disorder'd in their Senses. There is a Knight of Calatrava, so proud and vain of private Conversations with the Daughter of a Grandee, that he thinks himself upon a footing with the most confiderable Persons at Court. He is like Villius, who fancied himfelf Sylla's Son-in-Law, because he was well with the Dictator's Daughter. The Comparison is the more pat, as this Knight, like the Roman, has a Longarenus a good for nothing Fellow of a Rival, that is more in her good Graces than himfelf.

One would be apt to say that the same Men from time to time spring up again, only with different Features.

tures. For in that Minister's Secretary one may discover Bollanus who kept no Measures with any body, and affronted every Man whose Countenance did not please him: In that old President one sees Fusidius over again, who us'd to lend his Money at five per Cent. per Month: And Marseus, who gave his Family-Seat to the Comedian Origo, lives again in that Heir of the Family, who is wasting in Debauchery the Money he received for a Country House he has near the Escurial, with an Actress.

As finded was going on, when on a sudden he heard the tuning of Instruments, upon which he broke off, and said to Don Gleofas; At the Corner of this Street there are some Musicians going to serenade the Daughter of an Alcalde of the Court: and if you have a Mind to be nearer the Diversion, you need only speak. I love those Concerts mightily, answered Zambullo; let us go

nearer



Vol



Chap. X. upon Two Sticks: \ 283 nearer the Musick, perhaps there may be Voices amongst them. He had scarce spoken when he found himself upon the House adjoining to that of the Alcalde.

The Instruments began the Concert with feveral Italian Airs, after which two Voices sung the fol-

lowing Couplets alternately.

mail myther Littlenton First Couples of

Si de tu Hermosura quieres Una Copia con mil Grasias: Escueba, porque pretendo El pintar la.

Second Couplet.

Es tu frente toda Nieve Y el albastro; batallas Offreciò al Amor, haziendo En ella vaya.

Third Couplet.

Amor labrò de tus cejas Dos arcos para su Aljava Y debaxo ha descubierto Quien le mata.

Fourth Couplet.

Eres Duena de el lugar, Vandolera de las almas, Iman de los Alvedrios, Linda albaja.

Fifth Couplet.

Un rasgo de tu Hermosura Quisiera yo retratar la, Que es Estrella, es Cielo, es Sol; No es sino el Alva.

First Couplet.

Would you see a Copy of those Charms, and that Beauty of yours; listen, for I am going to paint 'em.

Second

Second Couplet.

Your Face is all of Snow and Alabafter, it has defied Love, who laughed at it.

Third Conplet.

Love has made of your Eyebrows two Bows for his Quiver; but he has discover'd below them, who it is that wounds him.

Fourth Couplet.

You are the Sovereign of this Place, the stealer of Hearts, the Diamond of Desires, a fine Jewel.

Fifth Couplet.

I would fain, with one Stroke, describe your Beauty. It is a Star, a Heaven, a Sun; No, it is nothing but the Morning.

These

These Couplets are gallant and delicate, said the Scholar; that is because you are a Spaniard, said the Damon; were they translated into French, they would not be much admir'd. Readers of that Nation would not like the figurative Expressions, but would discover in them a whimfical Imagination that would fet them a laughing. Every Nation is prepoffes'd in favour of its own Taste and Genius. But let us have done with those Couplets, continu'd he, for you are going to hear another kind of Mulick.

Follow with your Eye those four Men that on a sudden appear in the Street; see they fall upon the Musick, who make use of their Instruments to defend themselves, but they, not being able to withstand the force of the Blows, sly into a thousand Shivers. And now two Gentlemen come to their Assistance, one of which gave the Serenade. See with

with what Fury they charge the Aggressors, who being of equal Courage and Address receive them with a good grace. What a Fire flashes from their Swords! See one of the Defenders of the Concert falls, and it is he that gave it. He is mortally wounded. His Companion who perceives it takes to his Heels, the Aggressors too make off, and the Music disappear. Only the poor unfortunate Cavalier, whose Serenade cost him his Life, remains there upon the spot. Observe at the same time the Alcalde's Daughter, who from her Window is observing every thing that has past; and is so proud and vain of her Beauty, tho' a very ordinary Creature, that instead of being forry for the fad Effects of it, the cruel Wretch applauds herfelf for it, and thinks herfelf more handsome upon that account.

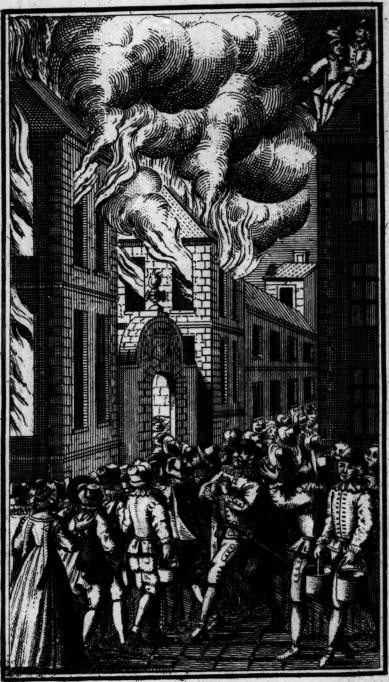
But that is not all, added he; you see another Gentleman, who, coming

nimmo

coming up to him that lies wallowing in his own Blood, endeavours if possible to help him; but while he is employ'd in so charitable an Office, you see he is seiz'd by the Watch that come in upon him, and is dragged to Prison, where he will remain a long time, nor will it cost him less than if he had been really the Murtherer.

Good God! exclaim'd Zambullo. how many Misfortunes have happen'd to-night! Yes, reply'd the Devil, and yet that will not be the last. At this moment, if you were at the Gate of the Sun, you would be startled at a fight that will foon present it self. By the Carelessness of a Servant, the Fire has taken hold of a great House, and already reduced a great many valuable things to Ashes. But whatever valuable Effects it may consume, Don Pedro de Escolano, whose unfortunate House it is, will not regret the Loss of them if he can fave his only Daugh-





Vot 1. pr. 289

the by as Special as yell

ter Seraphina, who is in danger of being burnt. Don Cleofas defiring to be an Eye-witness of the Fire, the Cripple that Instant flew with him to a large House directly over-against that where the Fire

CHAP. XI.

Of the Fire, and what Asmodeo did on that occasion out of Friendship to Don Cleofas.

Mmediately they heard a confus'd Noise of People crying out Fire, and calling for Water. Presently they saw the great Stair-case leading to the best Apartment of Don Pedro's House all on Fire: and in a minute, Clouds of Flames and Smoke iffuing out at the Windows.

VOL. I. The

The Fire rages, faid the Demon; it is already mounted to the Roof, and begins to make its way out by it, and fill the Air with Sparks; and is got to fuch a height, that tho' the People flock from all Parts to extinguish it, they can do no more than stand by as Spectators. You may diftinguish from amongst the Croud an old Gentleman in a Nightgown, he is the Signior de Escolano. How he cries and takes on! he is addressing himself to the People that are about him, and conjuring them to go fetch out his Daughter; but the great Reward he promises them is to no purpose, for no body will expose his own Life for that Lady who is a perfect Beauty, and but fixteen Years of Age. He tears his Hair and Mustachios, seeing his Prayers and Entreaties for Affiltance are in vain; he beats his Breast, and out of excess of Grief behaves like a Madman. On the other fide, Seraphina, in her Apartment, deserted

by her Women, is swoon'd away with the fright, and will in a little time, be stifled by the thick Smoke, for no mortal Man has it in his

Power to help her.

Ah! Signior Asmodeo, cry'd Lean-dro Perez, mov'd by a generous Compassion, yield, I begyou to the Emotions of Pity which I feel, and do not reject the Entreaties I make you to rescue this Lady from impending Death. It is the only Recompence I ask for the Service I have done you. Do not oppose my Desires, as you did just now, for I shall die with Grief if you resuse me.

The Devil smil'd to hear the Scholar talk thus; Signior Zambulle, said he, you have all the Qualifications of a true Knight-Errant; you have Bravery, a Compassion for the Sufferings of others, and a great Readiness to serve the Ladies; have not you a mind to throw your self into the midst of those Flames, like an Amadis, in order to deliver Sera-

O 2 phina

phina, and restore her safe and sound to her Father? Would to Heaven the thing were possible, answer'd Don Cleofas, I would undertake it without a moment's Hesitation: Yes, reply'd the Devil, and Death would be the Reward of so fine an Exploit. For I have already told you, that human Valour can be of no Service here, and it must be myself that undertakes the Affair to oblige you; pray see how I go about it, and observe all my Operations.

These Words were hardly out of his Mouth, when putting on the likeness of Leandro Perez, to the Scholar's great Amazement, he slipped among the Crowd, pressed thro', and darted into the midst of the Flames as into his proper Element, in the sight of the Spectators, who were terrify'd at the Action, and shew'd their dislike of it by a general Shriek. What Madman is this, said one, how can Interest have blinded him so far? Were he not entirely

entirely bereft of his Senses, the promised Reward would have been no Temptation for him. This rash young Fellow, faid another, must certainly be a Lover of Don Pedro's Daughter, who, push'd on by excess of Grief, must have resolv'd to refcue his Mistress, or die in the At-

rempr.

In short, they gave him up to *
Empedocles's Fate, when in a moment they faw him break thro' the Flames with Serapbina in his Arms. The Air rang with the Acclamations of the People, who could not sufficiently praise the brave Cavalier, that had perform'd so fine an Action: for when Rashness is crown'd with Success, it finds none to blame it, and tho' it was a Prodigy, it appear'd as the bare Consequence of Spanish Courage.

^{*} A Poet and Philosopher of Sicily who threw himself into the Flames of Mount Etna.

As the Lady was still in her · Swoon, her Father did not dare to give himself up to Joy; but was afraid, that after being so happily rescued from the Flames, she might die in his fight, by the terrible Impressions which the Danger she had run must have made on her Brain. But he was foon put out of his Fears. for the came to herfelf by the Care that was taken of her, and casting her Eyes on the old Gentleman with an Air of Tenderness, Sir, said she, I should be more afflicted than rejoiced to find my Life preserv'd, if yours was not too. Ah! my dear Child, answer'd he, embracing her, since you are safe, I am not concern'd for any thing else. Let us return our Thanks, continu'd he, at the same time presenting the counterfeit Don Cleofas to her, let us both return our Thanks to this young Gentleman our Deliverer, it is to him you owe your Life. We cannot be grateful enough to him.

Chap. XI. upon Two Stites. 295 him; nor is the promised Reward sufficient to bring us out of his Debt.

Here the Devil took up the Difcourse, and very gallantly said to Don Pedro, My Lord, the Reward you propos'd had no share in the Service which I have had the Happiness to do you. I am a Gentleman, and a Castilian; the Pleasure of drying up your Tears, and of preserving from the Flames the charming Object they were going to consume, is more than a sufficient Recompence for me.

The Difinterestedness and Generosity of their Deliverer inspired the Signior de Escolano with a vast Esteem for him: he invited him to come and see him, and desir'd his Friendship in return for his own which he offer'd him; and then after a great many Compliments on both sides, the old Gentleman and his Daughter retir'd to a little Apartment they had at the end of the

O4 Gar-

Garden. After this the Devil went back to the Scholar, who feeing him return in his first Form, said, Sir Damon, either my Eves deceive me, or you were just now in my likeness. Yes, Sir, said the Cripple, I was, and hope you will pardon me for it when I acquaint you with the reasons for that Metamorphosis. I have formed a great Design, for I intend you shall marry Seraphina, and under your Features, have infpir'd her with a violent Passion for your Lordship. Don Pedro too is very well pleas'd with you, because I told him very gallantly that my only view in rescuing his Daughter, was the Pleasure of obliging them both, and that the Honour of happily putting an end to fo dangerous an Affair was Recompence enough for a Gentleman and a Spaniard. The good Man, who has a great Soul, will not be out-done in Generosity, and I must tell you, is this moment confidering whether he shall not make Chap. XI. upon Two Sticks. 297 make you his Son-in-law, that his Gratitude may keep pace with the Obligation he thinks he has to you.

Whilst he is determining, I will carry you to another Place, and divert you with different Objects.



I N-

05

Chap. XI. wen Inen Spide . . . 297 make you die Soosiasisw, that had Smill their congruence were accommo Winds the same ada recorded die be is descripting, I wall carry, you to acceper Place, and etc. TERONO CETTES (13 OC 1925) - M T

INDEX

To the First Volume.

A.

A Ccomptant, a rich old one troubled in Confcience, resolves to found a Monastery;

Actor, his Recommendation to a Mad-house, 281.

Age, Women never tell theirs truly, 266.

Ajax, how Pallas reveng'd his Rape on Cassandra, 239.

Alchymist, describ'd, 27, 38.

Apothecary, how employ'd with his Wife and Apprentice, 38.

Archelaus, King of Macedon, his Method of bestewing Favours, 236.

Ashtaroth, what fort of Devil he is, 6.

Asmodeo the Surname of the Devil upon two Sticks, 7.

Affassin Spain, their Price for cutting of Throats,

Attorney, what the Devil has he to do with the Stage, 28. One that shuts up his cross old Grand-mother in a Mad-house to be rid of her, 240.

Auditor, one that was fit for a Mad-house, 276.

Aurora runs away from her Husband with a young Fellow in Petticoats, 228.

Author and a Compiler, the Difference, 142.

B. Bat.

INDEX

B.

B Atchelors, Two qualify'd for Bedlam; one of them a Rich one, who went to Court purely to make the World believe he had an Interest, 273. The other an old one who berrow'd Money of his Laundress, and then marry'd her, 279.

Bakers Devil, who he is, 6.

Banker, Son to a Cobler, his unexpected Return, and Generosity to his Parents, 215.

Beauty, the dearest Consideration to Women, 239.
The Loss of it made an old Lady run mad, 240.

Beau Griffael, whose Devil he is, 43.

Beaux Esprits. Instance of a Man who run mad after he had spent his All upon 'em, 236.

Beggar, rich one, whose Daughter goes for an Heires, 210.

Begging one of the best Trades, and why every body does not take to it, 210.

Belflor's Amours with Leonora, 54, &c. to 138.

His Intrigue discover'd by her Father, 94. His

Reslections on his Conduct to her, 110, &c.

Belphegor, what fort of Devil is he? 6.

Belzebub, whose Devil is he? 6.

Benefice, Despair in the Pursuit of one turn'd the Man's Brains, and made him in Imagination Archbishop of Toledo, 219.

Billet-doux, a ridiculous one, 176. The Answer,

Blunderbuss, the Wealth of a Gentleman owing to the Discharge of it, 168.

Bollanus's Character, 282.

Brain and Stomach, Remedies to fortify them, 147.

Brave's

Brave's or Ruffians, Spanish, their Wages, 154.
Bribe, the Power of it, 67.

Brothers, two die of the same Disease, the onewith Physick, the other without any, 50.

Brother, Elder, advis'd not to go a Setting with the Younger, 168.

Rullies at Madrid, 2. They carouse with Zambullo's Mistress at his Cost, 148.

Butchers Devil, who is he? 6.

C.

C Alatrava, Knt. of, proud of converfing with a Grandee's Daughter, and therefore recommended to a Mad-house, 281.

Caligula's Precaution when he went to his Mi-

Arefs, 140.

Canon, a very unfortunate one, 50. A rich one recommended to a Mad-house for fooling away his Money in Bawbles only to make a Figure in his Inventory, 272, 273.

Castillian, Character of a true one in Point of

Love, 232.

Child, 'tis a wife one that knows his own Fa-

Chirurgeon who made himself Practice by wounding Passengers, 166.

Chymistry, what Devil introduced it, 7.

Citizen's Wife, the difmal Effect the Name had upon a Court Lady, 237.

Clerk in Chancery, his Devil, 43.

Coach, the Devil's, a very easy and expeditious one, 21, 22.

Cobler that won't leave off his Trade for the Wealth of the Indies, 212 to 217.

Come.

Companions, three inseparable ones, always praising each other, prick'd down for the Mad-house, 280.

Compiler provid to be only a Methodical Pilferer,

Conjugal Love not very powerful, 230, 231:

Conjurer's Garret defcrib'd, 3, 4.

Coquets, a superannuated one describ'd, 32. Their Dissimulation, 53. Their Counter-Part, 33. A Man that married one, 264.

Cosmo, Don, his Roppery, 170, 171. Covetous Wretch describ'd, 31, 32.

Cough, Remedies for it, 147.

County, an old-faftion'd French one, who thinks himself as fine as ever in his old Cloaths, 278.

Country, how the Honour of it touches some Men, 218.

Court Spirits, who they are, and what they do, 6. Courtiers Ingratitude in neglecting an old Servant, 235.

Capid, who the Devil was he? 8.

D.

Dancing-master imprison'd for teaching one of his Misses a false Step, 154.

Daughters Mirth for the Death of a Father who would not let them marry, 194, &c.

Debauchery, what Devil introduced it, 7.

Debt: a great Lord in Debt sleeps found, 139:

Dedication ready writ, with a Blank to be fill'd up with the Name of the Patron, 40.

Dedications seldom paid for now-a-days, 41. A Lady composes her own, ibid.

Deluge, Universal, the Tragedy so call'd, 40.

DEVIL upon Two Sticks, What fort of a Devil was He? 1, 7, 12. His Confinement in a Phial, 4. His Deliverance, 9, 10. His Promiles to Zamballa, 10, 11. Flights with him, 21, 148, 190, 283, His Drefs, 12, 13, 16: Why he put on the Habit of a Brenth Marquis, 16. How he came to be Lame, 16, 17. His Fear of the Conjurer, 17, 18. How he came to disoblige the Conjurer, 20. His Apility, the' a Cripple, 17, 21. His Flight with Zambullo, and Survey of Madrid, 21 to 22. He: untiles the Houses there, 22. His Fear of Pillardoe, and Dispute with him about 'a Gentleman's Son, 36, 37: He speaks all Languages, 270. He puts on the Shape of Zambullo, and refcues a Lady that he admir'd, from the Flames, 202.

Devils of the first Rank, who they are, and what they do, 6. Their Ignorance of Futurity, 19.

One stands at a Clerk's Elbow, 43.

Dignitary, a wealthy one of the Church, who has two neat Couches of his own, and sides in a Hack to fave 'em, fit for Bodiam, 277.

Divine: the Reason why a Divine published a Miscellany of lewd Poems in his Life-time.

271.

Divito, Signior, the Devil's Twin Brother, 27, 28.
His Influence on Lovers, 29. His Machiavilian

(Knowledge, 29, 30.

Domingo's Revenge on Don Cofmo for whipping

him, 169 to 188.

Donna Emerenciana, the Story of her turning mad,

Donna Thomasa, Bullies quarrel for her, 150. Their Commitment to Prison, and the Description of that, and its Inhabitants, 150, 666.

Donna Fabula, her Husband in a Fluster on her being brought to Bed, while her Gallant that cuckolded him is snoring in his Bed, 35, &c.

Don Pedro, his Character and Amour, 113, 128, &c. His Duel, 116. He goes with Belflor to his Sifter's Apartment unknown, and the Confequence, 119, &c. His House on Fire, 289,

Dotard amorous, describ'd, 32, 33.

Draper, the Complaifance of a Lord to him,

E.

Empedocles his Fate, 293.

Escolano, Signor, his House on Fire, and Concern for his Daughter in the Flames, 290.

Extortion, hellish, practised by a Religious Usurer, 191.

F.

Faults of ones own and other Mens, how differently estimated, 49.

Female Fortune-hunter, 195, 196,

Fiesta del Sotillo, a Dance peculiar to the Spaniards,

182.

Fire at the House of Don Pedro, 289, &c. Flagel, What fort of Devil is he? 7.

Wife to look after a Dozen of Flowers, reckon'd a Mad-man, 280.

Fortune-Tellers, their Impositions, 19.

French Lover and a Spanish Lover, how they differ, 232, 233.

Enfidius his Ulury, 282.

G. Gallant :

G

Gallant serenades his Mistress, 45, 46.

Gallantry, Difference betwixt Spanish and French, 154, 155.

Gamesters kill each other in a Duel, 48.

Gealers inhuman Villains, 152.

Garnish Money, a Prisoner beat for not paying it, 189.

Gentlemen-Ushers, what Devil is theirs? 6.

Gentleman to a Dutchess imprison'd by her for a Thest committed by her Waiting-Woman, 164. An old one so mad as to make Love to a young Girl, 277.

Germans remarkable for Wine-Bibbers, 153,

154.

Ghosts, their Respect for old Soldiers, 157.

Governantes, who is their Devil, 6.

Graduate, a facetious one, his Company much courted, 44. An old one who idolizes the fair Sex, 275.

Griffael, whose Devil he is, 43.

Guillerme, Drawer at an Inn, his Contrivance to get his Master's Daughter, 158, &c.

H.

Hazard Games, by what Devil introduced, 7.

Highway-men breaking out of Prison, 188.

Hippocrates's Tracts of a Dosing Quality, Probatum est, 209.

House-breakers getting into a broken Banker's

House-Tops at Madrid, their Form, 3.

Human

Human Life, an Argument of its Greatness, 24.

Husband snoring whilst his Wife rattles a Curtain Lecture, 197, 208.

Husbands, good-natur'd, more at Paris than any where elfe, 100. A Description of loose ones, 108.

Hypocrites Preparation to go to a Meeting of Sorcerers, 36.

1.

Jago, St. the Patron of Spain, a great Soldier, 158.

Jealousie made a Man mad, 220 to 230.

Jiling in Perfection, 199 to 207.

Inclinations, the Devil's Fondness for those who pursue them without Scruple, 145.

Innocence a vain Plea with the Devil, 165.

Inquisition has Spies every where, 163.

Inquisitors such happy Mortals that the Devil could wish to be one, 147, 148.

St. John's Eve celebrated at Madrid, 182.

Justice of Peace, the Devil himself can't get out

L

of his Clutches without Money, 165.

Ladies of Pleasure, Consequence of keeping them
Company, 149.

Ladies-Women not always Lyars, 173.

Languages, the Devil speaks all, 270.

Law, the Mischief of its tedious Proceedings,
189.

Law-

Law-Book in a Library, compar'd to the Devil in a Glass-Bottle, 19.

Lawyers, in what Sense like Priefts, 28.

Leonora's Conflict with her Lover, 60, &c. Letter to him 100.

Leviathan, what fort of Devil he is, 6.

Libel printed in private about Religion and Honour, 144.

Lightning on the Stage, its Ingredients, 30.

Lord, a Voluptous one describ'd, 34.

Lords pretend to oblige Tradefmen by running in their Debt, 140.

Love-Songs, a Spanish and a French one, 233.

Lover imprison'd, caught in an Attempt of Cuckoldom, 154. Another turn'd melancholy mad, 232.

Lovers, Rival, a remarkable Story, 238, to 240.

Lucifer, the Mountebank's Devil, 5. Lungs, Remedies to preserve 'em, 147.

Luxury, what Devil introduc'd it, 7, 8.

M.

MAd-house in Spain described, 219. Account of some who deserve to be shut up in it.

Mad-man, a merry one, run mad for Joy, 231.

Madness of a Lady, because she was forc'd to turn her Chariot to make way for a Dutchess, 237.

Madrid, survey'd by the Devil and Zambullo, 20,

Maid, old, confesses her Father the a Cuckold,

269.

Maids, two old ones past 50 that pray'd for their Father's Death, in hopes handsome Men wou'd marry them for their Charms, 265.

Manceau, a rich Farmer of the Revenue, two Devils fight which shou'd nab im, 17.

Marcella, Leonora's Guardian, 55, &c. Her Intrigue with her in favour of Belffor, 68, &c. She is fent to a Monastery, 128.

Marquis, French, why the Devil appear'd in his Habit, 16. One scales the Chamber of a Virgin, 42.

Marriages register'd in Heaven, 195.

Marfaus, gave his Family Seat to a Comedian, 282.

Match-making Devil, 7.

Men and Things, how far valuable, 5.

Merchant, who had been twice a Bankrupt, cou'd not bear the News of a Shipwreck, 220.

Merit attended with ill-Fortune, the cruel Confequence of it, 234.

Mountebanks Devil, who is He? 5.

Musick, a wretched Composition of it, 34.

N.

Ation, every one preposses'd in favour of its own Taste and Genius, 286.

Nature's Temptations wherein different from the Devil's, 55, esc.

Newsmonger, Spanish, went melancholy Mad, by reading that 20 of his Countrymen were beat by 50 Portuguese, 218.

Night: Description of it at Madrid, 1, 2.

Night what they are good for who turn Day into Night and Night into Day, 274, 275.

O

ORphan, feign'd by his Guardian to be difiracted, 220. Painter,

es compagnation plantage could be

Painter, a drunken one, his Care of his dying Wife, 211. The Madness of one that expected a crowd of Business, by Drawing to the Life without Flattery, 269.

Pallas's Behaviour to Ajax, after he had ravish'd

Cassandra, 239.

Aries I

Partridges and Pigeons pocketed by Ladies at a Tayern, 202.

Pedro, Don, his Character and Amour, 113, 128, &c. His Duel, 116. He goes with Belflor to his Sifter's Apartment unknown, and what happened upon it, 119, &c.

Philosopher's-Stone, the Devil's Chimara 38.

Physician, sent for in all haste to cure a Prelate of a Fit of Coughing, 39.

Pillardoc, the Devil of Interest, 17. He person nates a Goat, 26.

Play-house, not so great a Cheat as the World, 31.

Poet, the Description of one in his Garret, 39.

A Satyrical one, how qualified to give a Drubbing, 212.

Poetry, Spanish and French, Taste of it different,

Prepossession in a Woman, the Power of it, 74.

President, Grave one, his disguis'd Visit to his
Mistress, 140.

Prisoner, the Devil himself can't free one, 165.

Procuresses, two eminent ones at Madrid, 142,
143.

R.

R Egisters in Chancery have a Devil of their own, 43.

Rival Lovers, a remarkable Story, 238 to 240.

❿

S.

Schoolmaster who has lost his Wits in Search of the Tense of a Greek Verb, 220.

Secretary to a Courtier neglected and disorder'd in his Head, 235.

Seraphina, rescued out of a Fire by the Devil,

Serenade a fine one, 180, 182, 282, &c. One artack'd, and the Giver of it kill'd, 286.

Serjeant, his comical Intrigue with a pretended Spirit at an Inn. 156, &c.

Son, a foolish one, that lays out all his Money in Books, and sells them again at half the Cost, 260.

Souldier with one Arm courts a rich Beggar's Daughter, but is refused because not Lame enough, 210, 211.

Stewards of great Men, the Devil's Character of em, 141.

T.

T Avern-Treat of Ladies described, 201, 202. &c.
Taylors Devil, who is he? 6.

Theatre, the Devil's House, 26, 27. The truest Picture of Human Life, 30.

Thieres of the third Rate, who is their Devil, 6.
Three part Song by three Men of different Nations, 52.

Thunder on the Stage, what makes it, 30.

Travellers, filly, cenfur'd, 14.

Tulipomania, an Instance of that Frenzy, 280.

Valet

17 Alet de Chambre cuckolds his Master, and is charg'd by his Mistress with a Rape, 164. Vice, what Appearance it must put on to please, 16.

Villius's Self-Conceit, on conversing with Sylla's Daughter, 281.

Vinener imprison'd for poysoning his Guests, his Plea, 153.

Virgin, her Chamber scal'd by a Marquiss, 42. Universal Deluge, the Tragedy so called, 40.

Uriel, the Devil of the Taylors, Butchers, Bakers, coc. 6.

Usurer, a fanctify'd one, his Story, from 192 to 194.

T 7 Aiting-Men, who is their Devil, 6. Water for the Ladies Skin, 167.

Whores, making a Debauch with three great Lords, 52. Nicknam'd Vestals and Lucretias, 200, 201.

Widow, so bashful a one, as to closet her Gallant while she puts on her Shift, 43, 44. One of fixty, her Reason for marrying a Boy, 51. One caught napping by a Gentleman she had

promised to marry, 197.

Widows, Rich, how they are Accommodated at Madrid, 143. A Merchant's Widow distracted for the Lois of a great Lord the hop'd to marry, 237. A rich one to fenfelefs, as to leave all the was worth to Persons of the first Quality, tho' she did not know 'em, 270. Another so filly as to make over all her Estate

to her Children, and depend on their Allowance, 278.

Wife, the Lois of her Fortune more regretted by Relations than that of her Life, 231.

Witches, their Imposition on filly People, 155.

Woman vastly fond of her Husband, a Gameker,
49. One so filly as to conceit every Man that
spoke to her to be her Lover, 272

Writs of Attorneys and Bailiffs, who is the Devil

2.

Zambullo, who he was, 2. How he came acquainted with the Devil upon Two Sticks, 4. &c. His Flight over the Houses to escape Bullies, 2. His Flights with the Devil, 21, 148, 190, 283, 289. His Revenge on his Mistress, 148, &c. He prevails with the Devil to rescue a beautiful Lady from the Flames when the House was burning about her Ears, 291, &c.

The End of the First Volume.

Indianal R cold how they are Account do River M.

D real solicits ed an excess lutalized





